

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1898.

NO. 5.

C. F. BROWER & CO.  
Main and Broadway,  
Lexington, Ky.

## The Bed of the Future

Consigned to the past are the old time beds, with their high posts, their towering canopies, and their fluttering draperies.

## THE BED OF TODAY

Is of iron or brass, Light, clean attractive and strong, it combines in attractive form all the requisites of an up-to-date bed. The prices cover a wide range—

\$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, etc.

## White Enamelled Dresser, \$12.50 and \$13.50.

Maple and Mahogany chamber furniture in attractive styles.

## FOLDING BEDS—

Chiffonier Beds, full size—

\$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00

Mahogany finish, upright bed with 18x40 French mirror, at \$30.00. Look at our East window—Cut Price Sale of Pictures.

1898

Wall Papers now open and ready for inspection. All new designs and colorings. See us before placing your order. Liberal Discount for contracts now.

C. F. BROWER & CO.  
Carpets, Furniture. Wall Paper.

LEXINGTON, KY.

## O. EDWARDS.

See my select stock of Christmas supplies:

Nuts, 10c lb.

Figs, 8 to 15c lb.

Raisins, 8 to 15c lb.

Candies, 6 1-4 to 25c lb.

Dates, 7 1-2 c lb.

Oranges, 25 to 40c dozen.

Apples, bananas, prunes, grapes, pickles, dried fruits, oysters, celery, crackers, turkeys.

The cheapest line of fire works in Paris.

Come and see me.

O. EDWARDS.

PARIS, KY.

## WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

WE ARE

## Headquarters For Correct Styles.



Hats, "Knox" and "Dunlap" Styles, \$3.

New line of Shirts from 75c up.

The very latest collars and cuffs—strictly up to date.

Collars, 15c to 20c.

Cuffs, 20c and 25c per pair.

Latest Neckties 25c, 50c and 75c. Full and complete line of gents' furnishings.

## OUR HOLIDAY BARGAINS :

Our \$30 Business Suits for \$25.  
Our \$35 Business Suits for \$30.  
Our \$40 Business Suits for \$35.  
Sold by others for \$55 to \$60.

Our \$30 Overcoats for \$25.  
Our \$35 Overcoats for \$30.  
Our \$40 Overcoats for \$35.  
Sold by others for \$60.

Try our \$8 Trousers. Sold by others for \$15.

We mean what we say and can prove it.  
The above prices are for Cash.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.  
H. S. STOUT, Manager.

JOE MUNSON, Cutter.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale By W. T. Brooks, Druggist.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish and relieves pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes the antiseptic quality of water, being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cure of distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have this. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet sent free by mail. Mention The Paris Ky. News and send your address to Dr. Kilmer's Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine settles it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the kidneys and bladder is another.

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Purely Vegetable  
and contains no mercury, potash or other dangerous mineral.  
Books will be mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

MILLERSBURG.  
News Notes Gathered In And About The  
Burg.

Miss Lannie Layson has been ill for the past week.

Mrs. Green Leer is visiting Mrs. Arch Stout in Paris.

Mrs. Sterling Cooper returned to Paris Saturday.

Mr. W. G. McClintock attended court at Mt. Sterling yesterday.

Miss Nannie Peed, of Mayslick, is the guest of the Misses Peed.

Go to Mock's and see the leather couch ordered for Dr. Miller.

John Peed and Jas. A. Butler went to Mt. Sterling court yesterday.

Miss Nora Wadell spent Saturday and Sunday in Paris with relatives.

Frank Collier and Miss Bessie Purnell visited friends in Paris Sunday.

Mrs. Jas. F. Summers and Mr. Will Judy are both thought to be better.

Miss Williamson, a trained nurse, of Lexington, is attending Will Judy.

Mrs. W. H. Johnson, of Mt. Sterling, is the guest of relatives here.

Louis Rogers and family, of Cane Ridge, spent Sunday with J. G. Allen.

Mr. Thos. McClintock left Friday for Atlanta with a car of mules and horses

Mr. F. M. Ewing, of Bath county, was the guest of Miss Lida Clark, Friday.

Mrs. C. H. Cooper, of Maysville, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Caldwell.

McIntyre & McClintock shipped a car of cattle and hogs Saturday to Cincinnati.

Mrs. Hughes and daughter, Pearl, of Boone county, are guests of Mrs. C. M. Britt.

Misses Sallie and Bettie McIntyre, of Myers, are guests of their brother Robert.

Miss Mattie Power was home Friday and Saturday to see her mother, who is very ill.

Miss Eugene Wadell went to Paris yesterday to visit her sister, Mrs. E. T. Bedding.

Miss Kate Purnell, of Fulton, Mo., is no better. The doctors have given up all hopes.

Mr. Harry Overley has moved to the John Jameson farm, which is rented by Jas. Payne.

Mr. Robt. Chancellor and family will move into the house vacated by Eld. Fenstermacher.

Joseph Burke, of Newport, was the guest of his son, Geo. Burke, near town Friday and Saturday.

Judge W. M. Purnell, of Paris, spent from Saturday until Monday with T. M. Purnell and family.

FOR SALE.—Cheap, a house of two rooms, on lot 30x50, on 8th St., near railroad, apply to T. M. Purnell. (4t)

Mr. John Barbee attended the poultry show at Louisville last week, and received premiums on all of his turkeys.

Capt. Daye Cook and wife, and Mrs. Bettie Bowden, of Paris, were guests of Mrs. Nancy Allen and family Saturday.

Mrs. Peed and Mrs. Mollie Stack, of Maysville, are guests of Mr. Jas. F. Miller, son of the former and brother of the latter.

Rev. Taylor, of Georgetown, preached here Sunday at the Baptist Church, and will preach regularly the first and third Sundays.

Miss Emma L. Young, who has been the guest of her cousin Miss Ida Dodson left for Indianapolis to visit Eld. S. H. Creighton and wife.

Mrs. G. R. Armstrong, of Montgomery county, brought her niece Miss Mary Lewis Armstrong to Millersburg, this week to attend the M. F. C.

Wallace Crooks, colored, was arrested here, Saturday, and taken to Carlisle charged with stealing a horse, bridle and saddle. The horse has not been recovered.

Mr. Robt. Orr, of Colorado, and sister, Mrs. Mason, of Mississ., who have been guests of their cousin Mrs. Wm. Layson and Mrs. C. Mathers, returned home yesterday.

Wm. Beckett and tenants have sold three crops of tobacco—24,000 pounds to Liggett & Myers, of St. Louis, at 8½, 10½ and 11 cents. E. P. Clark sold A. Reese's crop at \$13.25 in Cincinnati.

Miss Eva Vaughn, who was vocal teacher for Dr. C. Pope of the M. F. C. for three years, died during Christmas week at El Paso, Tex., where she had gone for her health. She has been with Dr. Price's School, at Nashville, for two years. She was buried at Harrodsburg, Ky., where her father, Rev. Vaughn, resides.

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OYSTERS, celery, fresh cakes and crackers, new or old, molasses, New York cream cheese, etc.

NEWTON MITCHELL.

I offer my services to the public to put in electric bells, or electric burglar alarms, in storerooms or residences. Can recharge and repair old batteries and overhaul old wires and make as good as new. Terms, extremely reasonable.

WOOD GRINNAN.

Lock-box 173, Paris, Ky.

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

## ASSIGNEE'S SALE

— OF —

## Bourbon County Land.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Nannie T. Martin's Ex'r, Plaintiff.  
vs.  
T. M. Fisher, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of an agreed order of sale in the above styled action entered at the Nov., 1897, term of the Court, the undersigned will on,

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1898,

about the hour of 11 a. m., o'clock in the Court-house door in Paris, Bourbon County, Kentucky expose to public sale the following real estate located near Ruddells Mills in Bourbon County, Kentucky, to-wit :

A tract of 131 acres, 0 rods and 17 poles of land lying in Bourbon County, Kentucky, near the town of Ruddells Mills adjoining the lands lately owned by J. W. McIlvain, the Millersburg & Ruddells Mills turnpike, the Willis Collins estate, the farm lately owned by Bourbon County as a poor house farm, the lands of J. J. Dimmitt and others, 121 acres, 0 rods and 17 poles thereof being the same lands conveyed to T. M. Fisher by Willis Collins and others by deed of record in the office of the Clerk of Bourbon County Court in deed book 52, page 8, and the remaining 10 acres being the same lands conveyed to said Fisher by Joshua Barton and others by deed recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Bourbon County Court in deed book 52, page 9, to which reference is made for a description of said lands by metes and bounds.

TERMS.—This sale will be made upon credits of 12 and 18 months for equal parts of the purchase money, and the purchaser will be required to execute bond with good surety to be approved by the undersigned assignee bearing interest from day until paid at the rate of 6 per cent. This sale will be made free from the contingent dower right of the wife of T. M. Fisher. For further information apply to the assignee at Richmond, Ky.

H. B. HOGG,

Assignee of T. M. Fisher.

Or, McMILLAN & TALBOTT,  
Atlys for Pitts,  
Paris, Ky.

## W. C. WILKERSON'S SALE

— OF —

## Bourbon Co. Land

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

W. C. Wilkerson, etc., Plaintiffs.  
vs.  
Consolidated Cases.  
Margaret A. Elliott, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of an order to me directed, issued from the Bourbon Circuit Court, at its November, 1897, term, I will, at eleven o'clock, a. m., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898,

expose to the highest bidder, at the Court-house door in Paris, Kentucky, the life interest of E. O. Elliott in about 80 acres of land, described as follows :

A tract of about 80 acres of land situated in Bourbon County, Ky., on the waters of Hinkston creek, and being the same land allotted to said Margaret A. Elliott as her share of the estate of her father, Andrew Banta, bounded on the North by the land of Margaret C. Arnold, on the East by the lands of Mary J. Gillispie and Isaac Clinkenbeard, and on the South by the lands of Lot Banta, Henry Banta and James Banta's heirs, on the West by

## IN THE SENATE

The Hawaiian Annexation Treaty Will Be Considered This Week.

A Vote Will Be Taken on the Immigration Bill—Our Foreign Relations Will Receive Considerable Attention in the House—Death of Gen. Augur.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The Hawaiian annexation treaty will this week again occupy the major portion of the time of the senate. It appears improbable, however, that the treaty will be taken up on Monday. There is a unanimous agreement to vote upon the immigration bill during that day, and it is altogether probable that this vote will be preceded by some discussion of the merits of the bill. The friends of the measure are confident of its passage, but they are not very hopeful of getting it through without further debate.

Senator Wolcott has given notice of his intention to address the senate on Monday, when he will make a report of the transactions of the recent international bimetallic commission. Mr. Wolcott has never given extended public utterance concerning the commission's work and there is very general interest manifested as to the course he may pursue in his speech on Monday.

When the senate resumes consideration of the Hawaiian treaty Senator Morgan will take the floor, and it is understood will consume at least another day in the presentation of his views in favor of annexation. He will be followed by Senators Pettigrew and White in opposition to the treaty and by other senators for and against it. There is no hope that the discussion will be concluded during the week. A great many senators wish to speak, and as long as the result of the vote is uncertain as it is at present neither side will be disposed to allow the vote to be taken.

The senate has agreed to work on the confirmation of Attorney General McKenna as associate justice of the supreme court on next Friday, and the probabilities are that this vote will be preceded by some discussion as to Mr. McKenna's merits.

The urgent deficiency appropriation bill will, in all probability, be reported on Monday, and there may be an effort to secure its consideration during the week.

The house is likely to become the arena for a general discussion of our foreign relations in connection with the consideration of the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill during the present week. The Cuban situation, the annexation of Hawaii, and the designs of the European powers toward China will, of course, be the principal topics to attract attention. The house managers do not want an extended debate on Cuba precipitated at this time but the minority is determined to press the question during the consideration of this bill. They believe the time is particularly opportune, owing to the anti-autonomy riots in Havana. Monday is District of Columbia day and on Tuesday the consideration of the army appropriation bill will be resumed. This is likely to be finished Tuesday, after which the consular and diplomatic bill will probably consume the remainder of the week.

Mrs. Lucile Lane, youngest daughter of ex-Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, shot herself in her apartments at the Wellington hotel Saturday night about midnight just as she was preparing for bed. The statement given out by the family is that the shooting was accidental and was caused by a small pistol which, catching in some laces in the drawer, fell as she lifted them and exploded by the hammer striking the edge of the drawer. The wound is in the left breast and is probably fatal. Mrs. Lane is suffering from the shock so severely that the physicians have not yet made any attempt to locate the bullet.

Gen. Christopher Colon Augur, U. S. A., retired, died of old age at his home in West Washington Sunday night. Gen. Augur was one of the three surviving members of the class of '48 at West Point, the class with which Gen. Grant graduated. Gen. Augur served with Grant in Mexico and afterward with distinction through the civil war. After the civil war he saw considerable active service in the Indian uprisings on the frontier and was later in command of various departments of the army. He was retired in 1855 and has since lived in Washington. Subsequent to his retirement he was shot by a negro desperado in the doorway of his own home but though seriously wounded, recovered. He has two sons now in the army, Capt. Colon Augur, stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, and Maj. J. A. Augur, now at Leavenworth.

The Catacombs to Be Lighted by Electricity.

PIITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 17.—Within twelve months the catacombs of Rome will be illuminated by nineteenth century incandescent electric lights. The Westinghouse Co. has received a cablegram from its Rome representative announcing that he had secured the contract for lighting the catacombs. Six motors capable of supplying current for not less than 450 lamps will be placed in the six catacombs.

Stock Broker Hangs Himself.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—Wm. P. Morrison, a stock broker committed suicide Sunday night at his home in this city, by hanging.

Delegates to the Monetary Convention.

OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 17.—Frank A. Leach, superintendent of the mint at San Francisco, has been elected by the Oakland board of trade as their delegate to the monetary conference to be held in Indianapolis on January 25. Mr. Leach is now in Washington.

Cyclists Going South.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—There will be a great emigration of cyclists to the south Monday. The cream of the foreign and American racing talent will sail for Florida, and there will be merry times on the new third of a mile track at E. Bay.

## THE COMMITTEE

On Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House Make Two Important Amendments to the Anti-Scaping Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—A clerical error in the resolution introduced by Senator Hoar in the senate Friday changing the time for the inauguration of presidents from March until April, placed the date when the change should take effect in 1899, when it was Senator Hoar's intention that the date should have been 1901, which would extend Mr. McKinley's term for a little more than a month instead of shortening it as would have been the result of the resolution as first introduced had it become a law. Mr. Hoar afterwards changed the resolution in accordance with his intention.

The house committee on interstate and foreign commerce had the anti-scalping bill under discussion Friday. Two important amendments were adopted. One imposes a penalty on railroads refusing to redeem unused portions of tickets. This provision is lacking in the original bill and the railroad interests that have been represented favor it as an earnest of good faith. An amendment also was adopted providing that passengers applying for redemption of tickets should not be given the benefit of through tariff but of the regular rates to the terminal where journey ceased.

Senator Perkins, of California, Friday introduced a bill amendatory of the act providing a civil government for Alaska, providing that all public lands not reserved in Alaska containing coal, lignite or mineral, may be claimed and entered under the land laws; that locations not exceeding 640 acres may be located by any qualified mineral claimant; but entry can be made only on discovery of coal, lignite or mineral oil on the location, and that the purchase price of land claimed under this act shall be \$2.50 per acre.

The vice president and Mrs. Hobart entertained the president and Mrs. McKinley Friday evening at a beautiful appointed dinner of 20 covers.

The drawings and library of the vice presidents mansion, the former home of Senator and Mrs. Cameron, were fragrant with roses, while the table at which the guests were seated were superbly decorated with bridesmaids roses and lighted with tiny wax tapers under silver and white shades.

Mrs. Hobart's gown was of pear gray brocade, trimmed with rare old lace. This was Mrs. McKinley's first appearance as a dinner guest in Washington since the inauguration and was consequently awaited with great interest. She wore a very rich toilet of blue satin with diamond ornaments. The other guests present were the secretary of state and Mrs. Sherman, the secretary of the treasury and Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Alger, the attorney general and Mrs. McKenna, postmaster general and Mrs. Gary, the secretary of the navy and Mrs. Long, the secretary of the interior and Mrs. Bliss, the secretary of agriculture and Mrs. Sanford, the guest of the house and Senator Seawall of New Jersey.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—Farmers' bulletin No. 69, just issued by the agricultural department, treats of the black rot of the cabbage. It was prepared by Erwin F. Smith, chief of the division of vegetable physiology and pathology, and describes the nature and prevalence of the disease, the source of infection and gives practical suggestions for its prevention. The disease is known to cabbage growers under different names, the commonest of which are "stem rot" and "black rot." Although it has come into prominence only within the last few years it is said to be a serious hindrance to cabbage growing in several states. No way is known of curing the disease or of entirely riding a locality of it when once it is well established. The whole subject of treatment may be summed up in one word—prevention. The disease is not confined to cabbage but attacks a number of species belonging to the mustard family. It was studied in the field for the first time by the author last year, who visited the following places: Saginaw, Mich.; Racine, Wis.; Clyde, O.; Rockville, N. Y., and Washington, D. C. In all these localities it has obtained a strong foothold and has done serious damage. The injury at Racine during the last three years probably exceeds one hundred thousand dollars. Many suggestions are given for the prevention of the disease. The planting of other crops for a long series of years, the bulletin says, seems to be the only satisfactory way of getting rid of it after once becoming serious. The belief is expressed that no danger is likely to ensue from the consumption of cabbage slightly affected with the rot, because the germs do not grow well at blood heat and is easily destroyed by cooking.

After the transaction of some routine business in the senate Friday Mr. Hoar (Mass.) presented the following joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution:

"That the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several states as an amendment to the constitution of the United States:

"The term of office of the president of the fifty-sixth congress shall continue until the 30th day of April in the year 1899, at noon. The senators whose existing term would otherwise expire on the 30th day of April, shall, thereafter, still continue in office until noon of the 30th day of April succeeding such a expiration; and the 30th day of April, at noon, shall thereafter be substituted for the 4th of March as the commencement and termination of the official term of the president, vice president, senators and representatives in congress."

## Some Large Pensions.

BELLAIRE, O., Jan. 15.—Dore Ogden, a local genius, has invented a fish catching apparatus which promises to excel all previous inventions in that line. A very fine wire extends from a battery near the hook. The fish are electrocuted the second they touch the instrument. In a test the other day in White river several hundred pounds of fish were caught in a few hours. Mr. Ogden is now working on a peculiar kind of kite, which he hopes to have the weather bureau adopt to be used in observations.

## A STRANGE RACE.

Rival Railway Companies, Who Desire to Own the First Road

Into the Yukon Country—Each Line will Be About 400 Miles Long—The Roads Will Run From Pyramid Harbor to a Point on the Lewis River.

TACOMA, Wash., Jan. 17.—A railroad building race involving the expenditure of \$16,000,000 has been commenced by two wealthy corporations, each of which desires to own the first railroad into the Yukon country. Each road will be about 400 miles long, running from Pyramid harbor, near the head of Lynn canal, to points on Lewis river below Five Finger rapids.

The companies back of the railroad projects are the London Exploration Co. and the Yukon Co., organized last summer by Andrew F. Burleigh, the principal stockholders of which are Philadelphia and New York men. Both corporations have surveyors and engineers at work between Pyramid harbor and the Lewis river. The projectors of both roads figure on an average cost of over \$20,000 a mile, requiring an outlay of \$8,000,000 for each road.

The equipment for each will cost about \$1,000,000 more. Both companies have secured right of way from the Canadian government, and are now working to secure from congress necessary rights of way through the 80 miles of American territory.

## A CHICAGO SYNDICATE

Will Purchase the Lopez Ranch, the Largest in North Mexico.

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—A Chicago syndicate, with \$1,000,000 capital, has just negotiated for the purchase of the Lopez ranch, said to be the largest ranch in North Mexico. August Jernberg, a real estate man of this city, left for Mexico to clinch the deal by making the first payment. The syndicate has agreed to pay \$800,000 for the ranch. The purchase is probably the largest of its kind negotiated by Chicago capitalists in a number of years. The ranch embraces 1,200,000 acres of rolling prairie land. Besides its agricultural richness it contains valuable deposits of asphaltum. Thirty thousand head of cattle are included in the purchase.

But the principal scheme of the purchasers was revealed by Mr. Jernberg before he left for Mexico. He said: "We intend to colonize the big ranch as soon as we can get around to it. The syndicate will take colonies down there as fast as possible and sell them land in different sections of the state of Tamaulipas, where the ranch is located."

In the syndicate there are a few Wisconsin capitalists, notably a banker of Stoughton, who is president of the Grand Falls Irrigation and Improvement Co. which has large holdings in the Pecos valley, Ward county, Texas. In that valley the colonization plan has been worked with marked success. Fifty families from Wisconsin have been located there and quite a flourishing town has grown up. One of the largest creameries in the south is about to be built there under the direction of former Gov. W. D. Hoard, of Wisconsin, who is famous as a dairy man. The same plan is to be tried in the Lopez ranch.

HON. BENJ. BUTTERWORTH, Commissioner of Patents, Expires in Thomasville, Ga.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—A private dispatch from Thomasville, Ga., states that Commissioner of Patents Benjamin Butterworth died there Sunday at 3:15 p. m.

In Washington, no less than in his native state, Maj. Butterworth enjoyed a wide acquaintance and great popularity, and the news of his death, while by no means unexpected, will cause general sorrow here. No public man probably had a larger circle of personal friends at the capital. He contracted his fatal illness while on the stump in the late Ohio campaign.

No information has been received as to the time or place of the funeral.

Mr. Butterworth was elected a representative in congress of the First Ohio district, including the city of Cincinnati, to the 46th, 47th, 49th, 50th and 51st congresses. From then until appointed to the position he occupied at his death, he devoted most of his time to the practice of law, especially patent law, in this city.

Chief of Police Shot.

OKLAHOMA, O. T., Jan. 17.—In a bawdy-house row early Sunday morning Fred Jones, a barkeeper, shot Chief of Police G. W. Jackson through the thigh. As he fell Jackson fired at Jones but missed him and shot Bishop Armstrong, a deputy sheriff, inflicting a fatal wound. Jones is a brother of Milt Jones, the city marshal who was killed in an affray at Oklahoma City two years ago by the Christian brothers, outlaws. Armstrong is said to be in the hospital.

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## An Electric Fish Line.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Jan. 17.—Dore Ogden, a local genius, has invented a fish catching apparatus which promises to excel all previous inventions in that line. A very fine wire extends from a battery near the hook. The fish are electrocuted the second they touch the instrument. In a test the other day in White river several hundred pounds of fish were caught in a few hours. Mr. Ogden is now working on a peculiar kind of kite, which he hopes to have the weather bureau adopt to be used in observations.

## A DECREE ISSUED

Prohibiting the Publication in the Havana News of Cables Dispatches Without Previous Censorship by the Authorities.

HAVANA, VIA KEY WEST, Fla., Jan. 15.—In spite of the official Spanish declarations that the city is quiet, which are the only reports allowed to be sent by direct cable, the situation here continues very serious and the city is in the greatest excitement. The city presented Thursday morning the most terrible aspect of military disorder.

The Plaza de Armas, or the main square in front of the governor general's palace, is defended by strong artillery forces. Without this security the palace would be exposed to assault from the rioters. Gen. Arolas assumed the military command of the city and was in constant conference with Gen. Blanco.

In spite of the great military display made, the rioters continue parading the streets.

At 12:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon a large crowd of rioters were about to attack the Diario, and resisted a charge made upon them by the civil guards, but finally dispersed, gathering again in other streets.

Many arrests have been made, and among them are wealthy Spanish merchants.

The peaceful residents and all the Cuban families are panic-stricken.

The situation is considered identical with that when Capt. Gen. Dules was deported to Spain by the volunteers in 1869.

The decree just issued by Gen. Blanco against the press is positive proof of his weakness, and he has promulgated it to mollify the rioters.

HAVANA, Jan. 15.—A decree has been published prohibiting the publication in daily newspapers of cable dispatches without previous censorship and without twelve hours' notice of their receipt.

In addition, in future, the post office here will detain national and foreign newspapers not having been previously censored.

Violators of the law are warned that they are under military jurisdiction.

Another edict will be published shortly, forbidding the gathering of groups of more than four persons either in the streets or in the stores.

M. Molina, the chief of the staff of the insurgent Gen. Majia Rodriguez, has, it is announced, surrendered to the Spanish authorities.

Gen. Parrado has issued a manifesto announcing his willingness to do everything possible to bring about peace in the district of Saneti Spiritus, province of Santa Clara.

It is announced from Spanish sources that Lieut. Col. Felix Tegon, of the insurgent army, has been killed.

## SECRET SOCIETIES

To Take Part in the Anti-Department Store Movement in Denver, Col.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 15.—The anti-department store movement is spreading to the secret societies. The members of the different organizations form a large part of the workmen, woodmen, foresters, red men and other fraternal and social organizations. Most of these organizations have branches and auxiliary branches composed of women, the chief patrons of the department establishments.

The trades and labor organizations are already pledged to withdraw from the department stores and are working to have similar action taken by the secret societies. All of the labor organizations are demanding the passage by the city council of the ordinance designed to prevent the encroachment of the department stores, and such action will probably be taken at the regular meeting of the aldermen next week.

## Will Be Re-Sentenced.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 15.—Jas. C. McRibben, charged with having made counterfeit five-dollar bills while in the United States penitentiary at Leavenworth, was brought to Topeka Friday by Deputy Marshal W. G. Neely. His term expired at the penitentiary Thursday, and he was at once rearrested on the charge of making counterfeit money in prison. He will be sentenced by Judge Foster.

## Letter Box Robbers.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—The banks of this city were notified Friday that a large number of checks had been stolen from letter boxes in Detroit, Buffalo, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Toledo, Cleveland, Kansas City and Milwaukee, by an organized gang of thieves. Some of the checks have been raised and altered by means of acids. In several instances the thieves have been successful in getting the checks cashed.

## Miners and Operators' Meeting.

CHICAGO, Jan. 15.—Nearly six hundred coal miners and operators, representing Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, will meet in joint convention in Chicago on Monday for the purpose of bringing about, if possible, the adoption of a wage scale and working agreement in order to prevent a general strike next summer.

## One of the New Counterfeits.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—One of the new counterfeit \$100 silver certificates was found in at the sub-treasury here Friday. It came from a New York bank which had received it from a savings bank in Brooklyn. The note was handled by three tellers before its spuriousness was detected.

## Departure of the Relief Expedition Postponed.&lt;/div

## TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life,  
In spite of toil and business strife,  
If you value your sweet wife,  
Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget  
The bond to which your seal is set;

She's of life's sweets, the sweetest yet—  
Tell her so!

When the days are dark and deeply blue,  
She has her troubles, same as you;

Show her that your love is true—  
Tell her so!

In former days you praised her style,  
And spent much care to win her smile;

It's just as well now worth your while—  
Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss  
To get the favor of one kiss;

A dozen, now, won't come amiss—  
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—  
You feel it, dreaming or awake—

Don't conceal it! For her sake,  
Tell her so!

You'll never know what you have missed  
If you make love a game of whist;

Lips mean more than—to be a crime!

If e'er you loved her, now's the time—  
Tell her so!

She'll return, for each caress,  
An hundred fold of tenderness!

Hearts like hers were made to bless!

Tell her so!

You are hers, and hers alone;  
Well you know, she's all your own;

Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—  
Tell her so!

Detroit Free Press.



(Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

## CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

I had formulated in my own mind a plan which I dared not share with Mark Gerard. Left to himself, I foresaw that he would sacrifice justice to his love for the boy—that the Greek would go scot-free, to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. And such a thought was exasperating. Taking advantage, therefore, of my patron's long strides, I dropped to the rear and submitted my scheme to the worthy Jap. He was good enough to approve it mightily, and eagerly proffered his assistance.

"If we don't corral the cuss, Mr. Livingston, I swear I'll—I'll never be able to travel kiss Danish Mary again—and enjoy it."

I told him to be of good cheer and to carry out my instructions to the letter.

Gerard urged us continually to mend our pace. He carried a rifle—a catapult would have served him as well—and muttered to himself as he stumbled through the darkness. Jap and I were well armed—to the teeth, as the dime novels have it—and Jap carried his lantern.

Before we crossed the low sand-dunes which lay between the marshes and the sea, Jap extinguished the lantern, and we held a brief council of war. It was decided to treat with the enemy under friendly cover of the fog, the whitest and largest of flags of truce.

"It would be wise," said I, "to advance in open order. The light is provided with a large-bore duck-gun, and a charge of swan-shot might excite a panic."

"I'll take the center," said Gerard, "and do the talking."

"I'll take the left," said Jap, "an' do the cussin'."

"And I'll take the right," said I, "and keep my mouth shut."

The fog was now so thick that an object a dozen yards away could not be seen at all.

"The first thing to determine is whether the Greek is here," observed Gerard. "Are you ready? Then—march!"

Our commander-in-chief halted at the identical spot where I had stood a few hours before, and I heard him sigh heavily as he realized that the boat was on the wrong side of the channel. The Greek had returned.

"Demetrius," he yelled, shrilly. "Come out."

"I am here," was the instant reply.

I waited for no more, but ran noiselessly for some fifty yards to the right. It was bitterly cold, but I stripped off coat, waistcoat and boots. Then, holding my gun in my left hand, I pushed through the tules and entered the icy water. The channel was deep, and, at the place I had selected, broad. A swim was inevitable.

When I reached the island I removed my dripping underclothes and stole forward, naked as an Indian. I feared that the swish of wet cloth might betray my approach, and, besides, the clinging garments might impede the free use of my limbs. Demetrius must be taken, if possible, alive, and I decided to leave the gun within reach and to trust to my muscles and a knife which I thrust between my teeth.

What passed between master and man while I was executing these maneuvers I learned subsequently. Demetrius, as we had expected, submitted a cut-and-dried proposition, worthy. I must admit, of his subtle brain.

He denied nothing, and conceded nothing, but his conditions implied admission of guilt. Briefly, they were as follows: Gerard and his party were to return to the house and stay there. He and Mark would take the morning train to the city. There, in San Francisco, he would leave the boy at some hotel—he naturally did not specify the hotel—and go his way. If he laid great emphasis upon the conjunction—if any treachery were attempted, by telegraphic communication with the police, or otherwise, he swore solemnly to kill the boy instantly. He would use

his own judgment as to when and where he would part company with Mark, and he demanded in addition a solemn pledge from Gerard that he, Demetrius, should be given plenary absolution for his misdeeds up to date.

Gerard, knowing the nature of the man, and trembling with apprehension for the safety of his darling, was about to accede to these impudent demands as I crawled within earshot.

"Let me have the boy now," he pleaded.

Demetrius laughed. The scoundrel could twist the famous financier around his little finger, as a man twists a ring; and the occupation amused him.

"Mr. Gerard"—he was never more studiously polite—"Mr. Gerard, I am not a fool. You know that, sir."

"Where is Mark?" panted the father.

"Asleep. Shall I awake him?"

"Put him in the boat, and you can go—where you will."

"You speak for yourself, Mr. Gerard; but there are others, who are—interested in me. There is that very lucky young man, Mr. Hugo Livingston. Where is he, by the bye?"

"Here, you damned scoundrel," said I. "Here."

I had him by the throat as I spoke, and a second later caught the strangle hold on him—the hold which made Evan Lewis famous as a wrestler. He writhed and twisted, but the hold can never be broken between men of equal strength. Before a minute had passed he was as a rag doll. I gave his windpipe a last squeeze and flung him senseless to the ground. The fight was over.

Meantime Jap and Gerard—the latter could not swim—had plunged into the slough and, the water racing only to their necks, had landed safely upon the island.

Gerard rushed to the hut, but Jap remained with me. The Greek lay, an inert mass, at my feet.

"You've had all the fun," said Jap, approaching. "But I'd like, sir, to tie him up good an' fast."

"We have no ropes," I replied. The question of securing Demetrius had already perplexed me.

"There are ropes in the hut," said Jap. "I'll get 'em."

"Bring a light," I called after him, and be quiet about it."

I could hear the voices of father and son, the breathless explanations and boyish ejaculations of surprise. Mark, junior, had the warmest affection for the Greek, who, as I have said before, had acquired a dominating influence over the lad. Obviously, Demetrius had counted upon capturing the gosling as easily as the gander.

Jap soon rejoined me with lantern and a coil of bale-rope.

"Can you truss him properly?"

"Can I? You leave the cuss to me, sir."

Finally, tied hand and foot and still unconscious, we carried Demetrius to

the hut and propped him up on the bed. Then Gerard, satisfied that his enemy was powerless, drew Jap and me aside.

"I've told Mark as little as possible," he murmured. "I did not wish to frighten him unnecessarily. What shall we do with Demetrius?"

The question demanded consideration.

"Jap can go to the house and as soon as it's light bring the carriage. He may as well start at once, eh? Keep your mouth shut, Jap. No tattling till I give you leave."

The coachman grinned and shivered. "Run along," said Gerard, "and bring dry clothing for Mr. Livingston and me."

The man untied the boat and pushed off. I had found a pair of overalls in the hut, and an overcoat belonging to Demetrius. In these I felt fairly comfortable, and my teeth stopped chattering. None the less it was bitterly cold; and I felt that my patron's protestations of gratitude might be deferred. Gerard, however, was feverishly loquacious, and could not be silenced.

"Cold?" he exclaimed. "By heavens, I never was so pleasantly warm in my life. If you want to feel cold, Hugo, get your heart frozen. My body is a small affair."

"My body isn't," I returned. "We can discuss these matters later, sir, unless you propose to thaw out your heart with a burning dose of pneumonia."

We had stood for fully ten minutes exposed to the raw fog, and I cut short his chatter by moving towards the hut. I thought, too, that I heard the voice of the Greek.

"Gad!" said I, "Demetrius has come to."

Gerard started at these words, ran nimbly ahead and entered the hut. I heard an oath, followed by a scream from the boy, and then—a horrid thud. As I burst through the door the Greek met me, a bloody knife in his hand, and a glare in his eyes, the like of which I pray that I may never see again. One arm was still tied, and both legs, but he lunged viciously at my heart as I sprang at him. I turned the thrust with my naked left arm—I shall carry the scar to the grave—and countered him full on the point of the jaw. He fell like a stricken bullock, and, forc-

ing the knife from his clenched hand, I hastened past him and bent over Gerard. He was lying on the floor, mortally wounded, I could guess, but conscious.

"Secure him first," he gasped.

The boy was crying bitterly. I had to shake him vigorously before he answered my question.

"How did this happen?"

"I untied him," he sobbed. "I untied him. Oh, father, father! I didn't mean to do any harm."

"Never mind, my boy," said Gerard, faintly. "I'm ready to die now, anyway."

## CHAPTER IX.

The details I learned later.

Demetrius, it seemed, had asked the boy to loosen the rope which Jap, with hearty good will, had knotted so tightly as to cut the flesh. Mark, in absolute ignorance of the true nature of the beast, and moved to pity at the sight of his swollen and bleeding wrists, had consented to slacken one end. A powerful wrench had freed the Greek's right arm as Gerard entered the hut; and Demetrius, faithful to his oath, had grasped a knife and turned upon the boy. With both feet tied, he moved slowly and with difficulty, and Gerard had time to fling himself between the miscreant and his victim.

He saved his son's life by the sacrifice of his own, a sacrifice cheerfully consummated.

Demetrius was arraigned for the murder of his master and convicted. The day before his execution his iron nerves gave way, and he was baptized, a trembling penitent, into the communion of the Greek church. Before the ceremony, and in the presence of the warden of San Quentin, he confessed to the murder of Ferdinand Perkins. The motive was a jealous hatred of the man, who had supplanted him, and overshadowing that, the lust of gold.

Familiar intercourse with the Croesus had aroused a passion of envy. Gerard, doubtless, had dangled his dollars before the young man's eyes, and had trained his pupil in the constricted area of the grossest materialism. But the prize, a partnership, had been given to poor Perkins. The fastening of the crime upon Burlington, who had begun to suspect him, was an afterthought.

He left all his money, a large sum, carefully invested, to the archimandrite of his native town; and he faced the hangman with a smile upon his pallid lips.

Gerard lingered several weeks, the happiest, so he assured me, of his life. The tangled skein was at length unraveled, and it was characteristic of the man that he accepted his sentence of death without repining or remonstrance.

"If Mark," he said to me, only the day before the final summons came, "if Mark profits by my experience I don't grudge the price. I've always held, Hugo, that reform rises, as I rose, from the ranks, but I've learnt that it falls, like the sunlight, from above."

Under the terms of his will I received a handsome legacy, sufficient to insure independence and abundant leisure to scribble, leisure also to brood. To exorcise the demon of unrest, I turned to sport, and spent the summer and fall upon the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, hunting and fishing. But around my campfire hovered the image of Naney, alluring, mocking!

Upon my return to San Francisco a letter advised me of the approaching marriage of Burlington and Mrs. Gerard. I was invited to the wedding and assisted at the quiet celebration that followed. Both Burlington and his wife welcomed me warmly, but Naney—so I fancied—held aloof, and greeted me with chilling civility.

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"I presume," said I, at parting, with a forced smile, "that you will be kind enough to send me a card for your wedding."

"My wedding?" she faltered.

"Surely that devotion you spoke of that night, you remember—will?"

Her bosom began to heave as she turned from me.

"Nancy," I cried, taking her hand in mine, "it is well with you, Nancy, is it not? You are happy?"

"No," she whispered, "I am not happy."

"Not happy? If some fellow has dared to—"

"Don't look so fierce," she murmured. "Mamma has new interests now, and of course, I feel a little out in the cold."

"It was your mother, then? For her sake you're—"

"Yes."

"Nancy," I took her sweet face between my two big hands—"Nancy, I'm going to marry you, whether you like it or not. Do you hear that?"

Her eyes were upturned to mine, and in their luminous depths I saw the reflection of my own face. Was it mirrored likewise in her heart?

"Yes," she murmured. "I hear."

"And what do you say?"

"I think," a smile rippled across lips and cheeks—"I think, Hugo, that I shall like it."

## THE END.

The Dogs of Turkey.

The dogs are to the foreigner the worst pest in Turkey. The streets of Constantinople are given up to the mangy, unshaven, famished droves which insist upon occupying the best parts of the pavement and snarl at the feet of the passers-by. There is a rule that no one shall kill these miserable creatures, but, on the other hand, no one ever pets or cares for them. They are left to fight among themselves for their precarious existence and, as a consequence, they are generally tailless, with their ears torn and their coats ragged. Their only good seems to lie in the fact that they are a useful supplement to the city's ineffectual scavenger force.—Chicago Chronicle.

—A corner lot can be bought cheapest right after a big snow.—Washington Democra.

Poetry vs. Prose.  
The poet raves of the beautiful hair  
That crowns his fair idol's head,  
And calls the man a prosy old bear.  
Who ignores its splendors instead.  
Yes, the poet it makes a fad,  
Its glories in verse he will group;  
But like other mortals he's mad  
If a strand of it gets in the soup.

—Chicago Daily News.

He Could.

"Master," said Tuffold Koutt, in his most plaintive voice, "can't you give me somethin' to help me along?"

"Yes," responded Fellaire—formerly Rusty Rufus—tossing a dollar at him in memory of the past and then kicking him around the corner, "I think I can, you greasy old scoundrel."—Chicago Tribune.

Just His Kind.

Weary Wiggins



## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WAITER CHAMP, Editors and Owners.  
BRUCE MILLER,

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc.,  
payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter.  
Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Locals in black type, ten cents each insertion.  
Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line-rates.  
Obituary, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line.  
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards

### News of The Legislature.

Mr. Pulliam, of the House Committee on Military Affairs, has announced his intention of drawing up a bill to make Miss Margaret Ingels a daughter of the State Guard. Miss Ingels was one of the candidates for State Librarian and was warmly supported by Mr. Pulliam.

Gov. Bradley has appointed Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Lexington, Col. John Marshall and Mr. Lewis N. Deenitz, of Louisville, as Commissioners on part of the State to assist in promoting uniformity of laws in the several States.

Senator J. M. Thomas has introduced a bill to allow convicts to testify in certain cases.

The long expected bill for the completion of the State Capital buildings will be forthcoming this week, according to Mr. South Trimble, the author of the bill.

The first bill passed by the House was an act to prohibit the marriage of first cousins. The bill passed yesterday.

### The Kentucky Press.

Col. W. H. Polk, late managing editor of the Lexington *Argonaut*, has purchased the *Observer*, and may convert the paper into a daily. Col. Polk's long experience in the newspaper business gives assurance that will be a good one.

C. H. DUTY, formerly editor of the Fleming *Gazette*, has been appointed road Supervisor of Montgomery County.

W. J. BRYAN is to be invited to attend a banquet to be tendered former Senator Blackburn by his Democratic friends in the Legislature, about Feb. 15th. Free silver talk will be on tap.

Gov. BOB TAYLOR has announced himself as a candidate for Senator from Tennessee against Senator Turley and Congressman McMillan. The Legislature met yesterday.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW must now share honors with Senator Hanna. Mark is something of a peach himself—in his own peculiar line.

MAJ. P. P. JOHNSON, of Lexington, has announced that he is a candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

MARK HANNA was yesterday sworn in as a Senator from Ohio.

READERS OF THE NEWS are warned to look out for a swindler selling baking powders. He offers three cans to be delivered in monthly installments. He collects a good fee for the first can and agrees to bring a large crayon portrait with the second can but he never comes back.

Awarded  
Highest Honors—World's Fair,

DR.  
**PRICE'S**  
CREAM  
BAKING  
POWDER  
MOST PERFECT MADE.  
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free  
from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.  
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

### GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

#### Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In Theoyer.

Miss Lavinia Shannon, leading lady of the "Miss Francis of Yale" Company was presented with a solid silver loving cup Saturday night at Lexington by the Elk Lodge, of which she is an honorary member. Miss Shannon, who is known in private life to many Paris friends as Mrs. Giles Shine, made her debut in Kentucky as an actress in a minor part with Julia A. Hunt, appearing several times in this city. Then she had a leading role in "Mikado," afterwards being leading lady in "The Power of the Press" for several seasons. Her husband is a member of "Under The Red Robe" Co.

\*\*\*

Decidedly the most important event of the theatrical season at the opera house will be the appearance on the 29th of that eminent actor, Mr. Clay Clement, supported by an excellent company. It is thought that Mr. Clement will present his beautiful play "The New Dominion." Great interest is being taken in this engagement, and parties are already being organized for it. The Clement performance will be an important theatrical and social event.

\*\*\*

Francis Wilson, the famous comedian, will appear at the Lexington Opera house Monday night in his splendid comic opera production "Half a King." The writer saw the opera given at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York last season by the same company, and unhesitatingly pronounces it a beautiful and tuneful opera, magnificently staged and perfectly acted. Lula Glaser, the leading lady, is a very handsome and clever actress.

\*\*\*

Last week's number of *Leslie's Weekly* contained a well written story contributed by Miss Mary Culbertson, of Richmond, Ind., who made many friends in this city during a visit to the Misses Hart, several years ago. Miss Culbertson is also a clever artist, who has a studio in New York. The Sunday *Courier-Journal* contained a picture and complimentary sketch of this talented lady.

\*\*\*

The Cynthiana Democrat says: "The Winchester Democrat has discovered an elopement that appears to be all Wright. Will Wright left his wife Malvina Wright, and ran off with Susie Wright, the pretty wife of his brother, Tom Wright, and Tom Wright is also missing." Wright on the face of the statement it appears that two Wrights have made a wrong.

\*\*\*

John McCracken, of Lexington, is organizing a company to give a performance in Lexington of "Ingomar." Mr. McCracken will appear in the title role and Miss Margaret Ingels, of this city, will be "Parthenia." The company may tour the South.

\*\*\*

Miss Harriet Wellington Glasscock's Grecian art entertainment at Maysville Friday night was a social, artistic and financial success, despite a heavy downpour of rain. The entertainment drew a \$200 house.

\*\*\*

While "In Old Kentucky" was en route from Kansas City to Brooklyn the car of special scenery was destroyed by fire, and "Queen Bess," the race mare, lost her life.

\*\*\*

A Harrodsburg lady who heard a burglar in the house the other night jumped out of bed and bumped into the prowler, almost scaring him to death.

\*\*\*

Dorothy Morton's starring tour in "Miss Brevity, of Hong Kong," was brief. It only lasted a month.

\*\*\*

"America" will be given in Cynthiana on the 27 and 28 under the direction of Miss Bogardus.

\*\*\*

Sons' band will give a concert in Cincinnati at the Music Hall, on Feb. 1st.

#### HUTCHISON

Fresh Paragraphs About The People In This Vicinity.

J. H. Thompson shipped a car-load of hogs to Cincinnati, last Wednesday night.

The hardest rain fell at this place, last Friday night, that has fallen for several years.

E. D. Brown sold five hogsheads of tobacco at the Pickett House, Louisville, for 94 cents.

J. H. Thompson recently shipped five hogsheads of tobacco to the Pickett House, Louisville.

Joseph Jacoby sold five hogsheads of tobacco at the Pickett House, Louisville, for 104 cents.

J. J. Piper sold three hogsheads of low grade tobacco at the Falls City House, Louisville, for 91 cents.

Mrs. R. H. Wills and Miss Minnie Howard, of Cynthiana, are visiting Mrs. J. M. Case and Mrs. John McLeod.

Insure your property against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co., a safe and reliable company.

O. W. MILLER, Agent, Hutchison, Ky.

## Puny Children

Who would prescribe only tonics and bitters for a weak, puny child? Its muscles and nerves are so thoroughly exhausted that they cannot be whipped into activity. The child needs food; a blood-making, nerve-strengthening and muscle-building food.

### Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil is all of this, and you still have a tonic in the hypophosphites of lime and soda to act with the food. For thin and delicate children there is no remedy superior to it in the world. It means growth, strength, plumpness and comfort to them. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

### STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

#### Sale and Transfers of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Henry Fuhrman has gone to Baltimore with a car load of mules.

To comply with a recent law the L. & L. Railroad has attached the new automatic car couplers to 3,000 cars for use on its system.

We are offering splendid shoes, in up-to-date toes and shapes, at low prices—suitable, sensible gifts for ladies, misses or children.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG.

Insure in the Northwestern to day to-morrow may be to late.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25c at druggists.

W. S. ANDERSON,

Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.

CENTRAL: I have had a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James F. Blayer, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for stomach trouble and Constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others I affixed this letter.

Very truly yours,

W. S. ANDERSON.

Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

OF MURRY, Ind., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

MURRY, Ind., Sept. 17, 1896.

THE WRIGHT MEDICAL CO., Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR SIRS:—Last spring I purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from L. C. Davenport, druggist, Bluffton, Ind., and used them for stomach trouble with which I had been afflicted for more than 15 years. Since taking your Capsules I have lost all trace of pain and my stomach is entirely well. I can eat anything and can truthfully say that I have not felt better in years.

Yours Respectfully,

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

### OPTICIAN

#### Announcement.

THE COURIER-JOURNAL ALMANAC for 1898, about which so much has been said and written, is now on sale. It contains nearly 500 pages and over 10,000 facts and topics. The price of this handy manual and volume of useful information is only 25 cents. It is on sale through newsdealers.

#### Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days treatment costs 1c a day. A sight draft on above bank, in every \$1.00 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

#### A Good Memory

often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of stomach trouble remember to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup, Peppermint and Health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 1c (10 doses free) large size 50c and \$1.00, of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky.

#### Wright's Celery Tea

THE Northwestern Mutual life has paid to representatives of its policy-holders and to its policy-holders, and is now holding for them, \$180,000,000, an excess over premium receipts of over \$20,000,000. (tf)

#### To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine, Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

#### DR. MILES' HEART CURE

#### Cures a Prominent Attorney.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25c at druggists.

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Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.

CENTRAL: I have had a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James F. Blayer, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for stomach trouble and Constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others I affixed this letter.

Very truly yours,

W. S. ANDERSON.

Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

### OPTICIAN

#### L. H. Landman, M. D.

Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio,

Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris, Ky.

TUESDAY, FEB. 8TH, 1898,

returning every second Tuesday in each month.

Optician Landman has been visiting this city regularly for over five years, and has adjusted glasses to the eyes of the best people of Paris and Bourbon County, and has proven himself competent, thorough, reliable and honest.

You can get Landman's glasses from Clark & Clay's drug store, between his visits, and when he makes his regular visit he will examine your eyes thoroughly and make any change necessary to give satisfaction. Examination free.

REFERENCES.—Drs. W. & J. Fithian, Eads, Buck, Fithian & Bowen, and C. D. Cram, of Paris.

DR. MILES' HEART CURE RESTORES HEALTH.

Finest Chocolate Candies.

Mixed and Stick Candies.

Almonds, Pecans, Filberts, Cream Nuts.

Loose Muscatel Raisins. London Layer Raisins. Seedless Raisins.

Citron, Figs, Dates.

Pearl Hominy, Rice

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

## TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.  
[Payable in Advance.]  
One year.....\$2.00 Six months.....\$1.00  
NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP &amp; MILLER.

We regret exceedingly the necessity of discontinuing our Great Clearance Sale before the advertised time, but, as the sales have greatly exceeded our expectations, we find ourselves forced to end the Special Clearance Sale on Wednesday evening, January 19th.

Beginning on Thursday, Jan. 20th, we will put on sale the largest line of Hamburgs, laces, white goods, table linens, napkins, etc., ever shown in Paris, at the lowest market prices. Call and examine our stock.

Thanking the people of Bourbon for their very liberal patronage and hoping to merit a continuance of same, we are,

Very respectfully,  
FRANK & CO.

DUFFY's pure apple cider, at McDermott &amp; Spears'.

Mrs. B. F. BUCKLEY, whose babe died yesterday morning, was dangerously ill last night and is not expected to live.

CHAS. W. FRIEND will begin a tour of Kentucky about February 1st as salesman for a pottery firm of East Liverpool, Ohio.

GEO. GARRETTSON, railway postal clerk between Cincinnati and Lexington, has been transferred to a run between Cincinnati and Toledo.

MR. ERNEST FRAZIER and Miss Lelia Johnson joined the Baptist Church Sunday. Mrs. Paul Shipp and Mrs. Ernest Frazier united by letter.

Ed Hedges, the well known turfman, of Lexington, formerly of Bourbon, is dying in New York. His brother Matt Hedges, has gone to his bedside.

FRANK MILLER, of Richmond, has accepted a position as traveling salesman for the Power Grocery Company. His territory will be Southwestern Kentucky.

J. R. McChesney, gauger, who has been on duty at the Cochran distillery at Frankfort, was yesterday transferred to the Bourbon Distilling Company, at Ruddles Mills.

The Bourbon Bank sold the two-story frame building on their lot on Fifth and Main streets to French Thompson at private sale for \$67, Saturday. More than half of the building has already been torn away.

A THIEF stole two overcoats from the home of Walker Muir, and several articles from G. C. Thompson's residence, near Paris, a few nights ago before being frightened away by watchdogs.

THE office of constable at Centerville has been declared vacant by reason of Constable-elect J. O. Kern failing on account of illness to qualify. Judge Purnell will appoint one to fill the vacancy.

THE Board of County Tax Supervisors yesterday assessed \$25 fines against half a dozen prominent citizens for failing to return a list of their taxable property for the year of 1897 to Assessor Perry Hutchcraft.

GEORGE HARPER, who has been clerking at the Bluegrass grocery in this city, has been promoted to the position of manager of one of the Bluegrass groceries. He will be located at Midway. He is an experienced grocer and a deserving young man.

THE poultry show at Louisville closed Friday, with the election of officers. J. F. Barbee, of Louisville, was chosen as a member of the executive committee. J. W. Tanner, of this city, won three first premiums Friday on barred Plymouth Rocks.

THE Trustees, President, and Faculty of the State College of Kentucky have sent out handsome invitations announcing the dedication of the Natural History Building, on the evening of the 21st, at eight o'clock. The program will include addresses by Gov. Bradley, Prof. Coulter, of Chicago University, Hon. C. J. Bronston, and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge. Mr. J. B. Kennedy, of near this city, is one of the Trustees of the State College.

PURE New Orleans molasses and country sorghum, at McDermott &amp; Spears'.

## Bourbon Tobacco Sales.

AT Louisville last week M. A. Kenney & Burgess sold twelve hogsheads of tobacco at \$17, 17.75, 17, 12, 15, 14.75, 14.75, 8, 8, 10, 10.70, 7.40. Kenney & Taylor sold four hogsheads at \$20, 17, 18.50, 7.20, 9.50.

AT Cincinnati J. W. Thomas, Jr., sold eleven hds. at \$19 to \$10, at an average of \$16.38 and thirteen at \$18.75 to \$10. Hume & Menefee sold eleven at an average of \$12.20; Lyle & Short six at \$15.75 to \$5.15; Goff & Wilson fourteen at \$15.75 to \$4.30; J. S. Wilson sold seven at \$14 to \$12.37, and five at \$16 to \$14.75. Millersburg shippers sold as follows: McIlroy & McClintock, seven at \$18.75 to \$1.95; G. R. Stoker, six at \$15.50 to \$6.60; J. W. Payne, eight at \$17 to \$5.85; Thorn & Ward, four at \$16 to \$7.

Eighteen hds. of Bourbon tobacco sold Friday at the Central House in Louisville at \$12.75 to \$4.40, and twenty-two at \$17.75 to \$7.50, at the Picket.

## The Way of The Transgressor.

SATURDAY in Judge Purnell's court Emery Reffert, an eighteen-year-old boy, was fined \$15 and sentenced to thirty days in jail, at hard labor, for stealing \$10 from his grandfather. He was arrested in the Jacktown precinct by Sheriff Bowen and Constable Joe Williams.

Brooks Fields, colored, was sentenced to thirty days in jail, at hard labor, for failing to provide for his child. Judge Purnell has decided that prisoners who are given jail sentences for misdemeanors will be put to work on the streets or elsewhere to work out the sentence. This will save money for the county and city besides tending to lessen the commission of lawless acts.

In Judge Webb's court John Kennedy, colored, was fined \$7.50 for striking a female friend.

## Retributive Justice.

THE Sunday Commercial-Tribune devoted half a column of space to tell of the troubles of one Lavelle, of Paris, Ky., who went to Cincinnati and organized a company to perpetrate that measly old night-mare, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Saturday night the ghost failed to walk—which means that the actors were unpaid—and Uncle Tom engaged in a three round go with Lavelle, the contest being referred by Lawyer Marks. The company was composed of ten white and thirty colored people and they are left in destitute circumstances. Lavelle is unknown here. None of the people were from Paris.

PURE Pennsylvania buckwheat flour and "Old Mansé" maple syrup at McDermott & Spears'.

## Ed. Hibler's Misfortune.

ED. HIBLER, who has been the victim of several unfortunate accidents while employed at carpentering, came near losing his life Saturday while repairing some troughs at Walsh's distillery. The troughs gave way and precipitated him into a cistern containing about twelve feet of water, breaking one of his legs and dislocating the ankle of the same leg. Though badly wounded he managed to pull out of the cistern, by the aid of a ladder which had fortunately been left in the cistern. No one saw the accident or knew of it until Mr. Hibler called for help. He has been removed to his home on Walker avenue.

## Thos. Hutchcraft's Will.

YESTERDAY attorneys E. M. Dickson and John S. Smith filed a motion before Judge Purnell asking the appointment of an administrator for the estate of Thos. Hutchcraft, deceased. McMillan & Talbot, attorneys for the propounders, filed exceptions, and the motion will be heard this morning at ten o'clock. Messrs. Dickson and Smith are attorneys for Richard Hutchcraft, who contests his father's will.

## Fiscal Court Meeting.

THE new Fiscal Court held its first meeting Friday with Judge Purnell, County Attorney Dundon and all of the magistrates present. Judge Purnell occupied half an hour stating the financial condition of the county, and made a number of wise suggestions. Committees were appointed for several minor matters and to examine a number of unpaid claims, and the payment of all claims was deferred until the Court's regular April meeting. The Court will meet again on February 2.

## Lefever and Heller.

KID LEEFEE and Louis Heller, the Cincinnati light-weights who boxed such a lively bout here in November, have signed articles for a 15 round go before the Paris Athletic Club, on January 27. The contest will occur at the Grand and will be preceded by fifteen round contests between Eddie Parker and Warren Brooks, local boxers, and another bout between local boxers.

## New Bank Building.

THE Bourbon Bank will in the Spring begin the erection of a handsome new building on the corner of Fifth and Main streets. Several plans are being considered by the officials, and it is safe to say that the Bank's new home will be a model of beauty and convenience.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

## COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

NOTES HASTILY JOTTED ON THE STREETS, AT THE DEPOTS, IN THE HOTEL LOBBIES AND ELSEWHERE.

—George McDonald, of Austerlitz, is very ill.

—E. P. Bean is in Louisville on the tobacco breaks.

—Miss Mary Bashford is visiting friends in Versailles.

—Mr. R. P. Dow, Jr., has gone to Chicago on a business trip.

—Mrs. Elisha Miller returned Saturday to her home in Atlanta.

—Mrs. J. T. Hinton went to Frankfort yesterday to spend a week.

—Mrs. E. D. Paton and daughter Effie, were in Lexington Saturday.

—Mr. E. F. Clay, Jr., and bride are spending a few days in New Orleans.

—Mrs. Sidney Turner, of West Virginia, is visiting Miss Bruce Collins.

—Mrs. Speed Hibler has returned from a visit to relatives in Richmond.

—Mrs. Aylette Bedford and Mrs. J. K. Spears were in Lexington Saturday.

—Mrs. J. G. Craig, of Vevay, Ind., is visiting Mrs. J. M. Rion, on Second street.

—Miss Bird Rogers, of Georgetown, was a guest at Senator J. M. Thomas', last week.

—Mrs. J. R. McChesney and daughter, Lucie Belle, have returned from a visit in Mercer.

—Miss Harriet Glascock, teacher of Delsartean poses and elocution, was in the city yesterday.

—Mrs. J. T. Pritchard, of Huntington, W. Va., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Fretwell.

—Mr. Henry Spears and bride were registered Sunday at the new Manhattan, in Greater New York.

—Mrs. George Satterwhite and Ted Gaggs, of Louisville, were guests of friends in the city Sunday.

—Lexington has an Afternoon German Club which meets at the Merrick Lodge building every Saturday afternoon.

—Miss Gertrude Hill returned home Saturday from an extended visit to her sister, Mrs. Lee Barbour, near Louisville.

—Miss Norma Snell, of Cynthiana, and Miss Annie Moore, of Shawhan, will arrive to-morrow to be guests of Miss Kate Jameson, on Pleasant street.

—Miss Sadie Hart entertained a few friends at a card party Saturday evening at her home on Duncan avenue. The entertainment was given in honor of Misses Hallie and Kate Gay, of Woodford, and Miss Addie Garner, of Winchester.

—Beginning Thursday, January 20th, Frank and Co. will put on sale their new Spring line of Hamburgs, laces, white goods, table linens, napkins, etc.—the largest, best and lowest-priced line ever shown in Paris.

—Go to McDermott & Spears' new model grocery, opposite court-house, for anything in the fancy grocery line.

## SCINTILLATIONS.

## An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

A new bank is being organized at Berry.

—Sam Jones got \$1,000 for slinging slangs at Owensboro.

An Estill county man swallowed a live mouse for a dollar.

E. B. Linney has been nominated for postmaster at Danville.

Nicolasville is free from debt and has money in the city treasury.

The Harrodsburg city council will be asked to pass a curfew ordinance.

A local weather prophet tells the Stanford Journal that twenty more snows will fall this winter.

A dispatch from Valley View yesterday stated that Dora Clay had returned to Gen. C. M. Clay and received a loving welcome from her husband.

Roland Robertson, a mulatto barber, of Paducah, wrote a note to a respectable white girl, asking her to elope with him. Her friends almost beat Robertson to death, and ran him out of town.

Saturday the jury in the Carey Howe-Jessie Sommers sensational trial suit, which was on trial eight days at Flemingsburg, acquitted Howe.

The verdict announced that he was guilty, though others were implicated.

Mrs. Kate Victor, of Cynthiana, has just recovered a lot of valuable silverware which was stolen from her home last year during her absence in Newport. It was found in a sack in a rubbish pile on a lot in rear of Mrs. Victor's residence, where it had been hidden by a thief.

Mrs. Thos. Lane, formerly Miss Lucile Blackburn, daughter of Senator Jo Blackburn, accidentally shot herself about one o'clock Sunday morning, with a pistol which became entangled in a garment which she was taking from a dresser drawer. Mrs. Lane may recover. The accident happened at the Wellington Hotel, in Washington.

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## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]  
Published Every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners

## PURE GOLD FROM EARTH.

Within this chrysalis in silence lies  
A homely, haggard, but acute surprise,  
For though its tenant once could only creep  
And crawl herein to hibernate and sleep,  
He carries in his shell of crinkled rings  
An angel's raiment and an angel's wings.

How oft it happens that we fail to read  
This lesson among men when they have  
seen.

Of heliotrope faith in crude, unlovely youth,  
When naught is visible except the truth  
That underneath exteriors rough may hide  
The soul's furred wings sometime to open  
wide.

The lessons of all time by men ignored,  
The fact forgotten that truth can afford  
To keep its shell, its genius roughly hid,  
Till time and circumstance ope wide the  
lid,

And let the radiant tenant grandly rise,  
Eagle or angel, to the upper skies.

Within you urchin's pauper rags may lie  
The soul whose songs may touch the stars  
on high,

The statesman who may mold this world  
anew,

The priest or prophet of unhampered  
view,

The author who may shape a million minds,  
The scientist to unroll nature's blinds,  
Revealing secrets of all depths and kinds.

Regard the homely chrysalis with awe,  
Contemplate with bared brow God's mighty  
law,

Within from stem Pharaoh's slaves His  
leaders drew,  
From Nazareth the Christ who made anew  
A lost world's hope, salvation precious,  
prized,

Heaven's kings were those by earth and  
men despised.

I. EDGAR JONES.

## Told in Her Letters.

By Murray Eyre.

THE night nurse sat writing in the angle at the far end of the male surgical ward. A screen across the table hid her lamp, while the rest of the ward was but dimly lit. From the beds came the sound of sleepers breathing regularly, broken now and then by a feverish muttering from some restless patient, or by the scarce repressed groaning of the man who had that day been operated on for cancer. Night after night, week after week, for months had she kept her silent vigil there, and she was weary of it. Sometimes the grim scene surrounding her strained her nerves until the desire for more active work possessed her to a degree well-nigh beyond endurance. In such mood she often penciled letters without restraint or consideration—to no one in particular, the offspring of her brain-tired fancy—whose destiny was to be thrust impatiently into the fire when down crept grayly through the window beside her.

Nurse Ruth was an impulsive woman, though her great pathetic eyes misled you into thinking differently. A woman of contradictions, as was witnessed by her flippancy of speech and her sweet, grave manner. She did her duty bravely enough to her patients, and they loved her. The younger students, also, had oftentimes cause to be grateful to her for some well-timed hint that screened their glaring mistakes from being discovered. She was tired of her work, of her life; that night, and impatient with herself, began to walk slowly round the ward. The man of the cancer operation looked pitifully at her as she passed, and, coming back, she stopped to give him some milk, while she afterwards took his temperature ere she returned to her table. Presently she rang the house surgeon's bell, and stood waiting with the thermometer in her hand until he came. She passed it to him silently.

"Where on earth did you get this temperature, nurse?" he whispered. "Not from—"

She nodded. A look of concern appeared in his eyes, and, keeping her thermometer, he went quickly to the bed. The man, who was at last drowsy, sighed when the doctor unbuckled his shirt and laid a finger on his pulse. The doctor looked puzzled. He counted the beats carefully and listened to the breathing. Taking his thermometer from under the man's arm, he went back to Nurse Ruth's table. He compared the two there. His registered 101.2 degrees, hers 109 degrees. Watching him her face crimsoned.

"I held it over the lamp, sir," she said; and though she laughed, her eyes were full of tears.

"Ah! yes, I understand, nurse." He sat down for a few moments, the two thermometers still on the table before him. When he got up, he said, dreamily:

"Perhaps you'd better go on duty again. Good night, nurse!"

For an hour after he had gone she lay across the table with her head on her arms, and made no sound. Time went by, and as the city clocks marked it she heard every stroke. Finally she sat up, and while listening for the soliloquy she wrote an application to the house surgeon to ask for a certificate of qualification as a nurse. He afterwards gave her the certificate in a formal letter; but at the same time he wrote another that was not official. Her reply gives the gist of it:

"What can you mean, sir, by speaking of a letter that I wrote as 'so much cheek?' I do not understand it. I thought it business-like for your mother this afternoon in the ward, and seemed annoyed that I should write to you. What and who are you that I should hesitate to address you? I cannot but rejoice that you have given so good a testimony of my capabilities. It is gratifying to my feelings, too, that you have not perfumed yourself in giving it. What is the strong point in my character that some people might like? Do you like it? Why not add it to the testimonial? I can't like any light to be hid under a shell."

"Nurse," called the house surgeon the afternoon after he had received it, and again, "Nurse Ruth," he called after her in the corridor outside the door of

the ward he was about to enter. She stopped.

"Nurse—did you write this letter to me?" drawing one from his pocket as he spoke.

"Yes, sir, I did," she replied, glancing at him swiftly.

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Has it ever struck you that you are a most outrageously cheeky woman to write like this to me?"

A deeper tide of red rushed over her face. "Well," she considered, "perhaps—"

He laughed, glanced quickly up and down the empty corridor, seized her hands in one of his—with the other he held the handle of the door before which they stood—and, bending, kissed her. Just as quickly he turned away, pushed open the door and went into the ward. The sister in charge advanced to meet him. They went round the beds together, and as he listened gravely she told him the history of each case since he had seen it last.

Nurse Ruth was going off duty for the afternoon when the house surgeon called her. While she put on her black bonnet and the long cloak that almost hid her gown of lilac-sprigged print, she looked at herself and stopped trying her bonnet to think. After frowning at her reflection for a moment she laughed. Then her changing mood grew critical of herself. She sighed and thought really seriously:

"What an idiot I am to care two pence about him! When he talks as he did to me to-day, I hate him! O, why is he so nice? What a little fool I've been to write to him! I wonder he speaks to me! I must have been mad when I did it. I'll go away. I will! O! but," she sighed, "I love him!"

She went out in a chastened mood, and made her way quickly through the crowded streets towards the river, where the steps lead to the steamboat pier by London bridge. As she went down them a man, coming just behind her, stumbled heavily forward, and would have rolled to the bottom had not her hand outstretched in an instant caught and steadied him till he regained his balance. He laughed while he thanked her, saying: "You were in the right place then, nurse." She passed on down to the boat and found a lonely seat in the bows. The tide was out; helpless boats keeled over in the slopes of black mud on the Surrey side and the laden barges in mid-stream were deserted. The sultry air hung heavily, and for the moment she would have given anything to escape the monotony of her life, to secure some pleasure and fine cloths. She left the boat at Charing Cross and went into the gardens for a little time, though even here the surroundings gained upon her. A band that went smartly through some popular airs, the brilliancy of the scarlet geraniums that the gardeners were bedding out, some children that played near her seat—irritated her strangely. She got up, therefore, and went towards the old water gate on the chance of being able to get into the Strand that way. Some one had told her the meaning of the motto above the gate: "The Cross is the touchstone of Faith."

"Nothing but faith, nothing but crosses for me!" she murmured, perhaps. "O, how I wish! I wish!" She passed up Buckingham street, and climbed on to the top of an omnibus in the Strand. As she sat there nothing in the busy life they passed



HE KISSED HER.

came into her thoughts; she was only conscious of restlessness and stir. Presently her eyes caught sight of a white butterfly that flew above a barrow of flowers, which was being slowly pushed along the pavement's edge, with gay carelessness strange enough in that crowded place. Once this white bit of life fluttered upward high and higher, as though to reach the gray filaments of cloud that streaked the blue sky between the roof tops; then in some vague, sad way she associated herself with it, for she knew it must soon be crushed beneath thousands of hurrying feet, and she longed to take it out of Fleet street and to give it freedom in some fresh-mown country field.

Five months had passed since Nurse Ruth had left the hospital. The house surgeon had become the house physician, and his term for holding that office had almost run out. The world behind the hospital wall's is one of sickness, of sorrow, and of pain, with another world of mental activity, labor, and strength to minister to it. It is a great machine of life that is set to succeed, while those who form it soon forget those others who have left.

Still, one morning a letter lay on the house physician's table; one he opened and read first. It was written with her usual recklessness:

"Oh, I'm getting like the Irishman who was all blue-molded for want of a bathing. I'm all blue-molded, for want of a flitting! Oh, write to me—do write to me! I've been shut up all this time with a smallpox case. Everybody has been saying I should be dead before now, but I live to be a thorn in the flesh of some one yet. I don't

know what possessed me to sacrifice myself to smallpox. Perhaps merely only to gratify my own vanity. Now, to-day, when it is all over, I rush to write to you and to make an idiot of myself. When I have posted this I shall get into a rage and wish I hadn't. But write to me! Oh, do write, write folly—anything; you can't think the charity it would be."

"Poor little woman," he said, musingly. "She's got lots of pluck in her! I'll write and tell her she'd better get married."

Life and death went in and out of the hospital, and the workers came and went. The house physician left it in his turn, and 12 months after he was stationed at Aden, where, perhaps, he had less work than he desired. One afternoon the English mail brought him a letter from Ruth. The writing on the envelope set him thinking—sadly, maybe—of the old busy life in London, and of the possibilities in her character for which, at this distance of time and space, he imagined he must have loved her. He laughed at himself presently, and opened the letter:

"You said once I was always fond of doing something sensational; then you advised me to stop it. Mrs. M. I. have I studied it; for I have often done what you told me. But I don't think I shall live long to dispense the good thing I may learn from that world-famed cookery book. You know there is an old proverb: 'Toujours perdrix?' Well, it is this with me. 'Toujours parson.' He has driven me to take more of your advi—excuse—and I am going to be married. Sometimes I think I must be mad to contemplate domestic bliss with religion! I would gladly give anything—three years of my life—to really enjoy things now while I am young and could be. It's awfully hard to be just a nurse and have to worry and wear myself down, and think I am old and cross and savage, while I see other women with everything they want and all the fun of life. Dear me! what nonsense I am writing! Tear it up, but write to me. Oh, do write to me once more! I am so miserable, weary and lonely, and tired, dreadfully tired, of mechanically doing my duty!"

"Poor little Ruth! Jolly little Ruth!" he murmured, as he settled once more comfortably into his lounging chair. He rolled up and lit another cigarette, and pondered for a few moments over his attraction to this woman. There had been others—Well, it is usually with this kind of excuse that men remember their flirtations; and, of course, hold themselves blameless. Perhaps there may have been a vague regret in the doctor's mind. Aden is not a place where old flirtations or platonic friendships can be buried without regret. It is a place where the memory of either grows tender, and recollection glances back through them on England and home, on green fields and young leafage quivering in the spring sunlight; while the seeing eye is turned over on mass upon mass of lava and brown rock. As he looked out the drear mountain that rises almost sheer from the placid sea was glorified by the crimson fire of sunset, and, though its clear outline was cut grandly against the rich light, it had become hateful to him. With this thought on his mind he ended his reverie, and went on opening his mail letters. There chanced to be some Christmas cards among them, full of good wishes and sentiment. One of these had a pathetic little verse that suited his humor, so presently he put it in an envelope and sent it off to Ruth with the outgoing mail. This was not fair, for he knew that at the time she received it she would be married, and this, so far as he was concerned, closed the correspondence.

Once more she wrote, a little more soberly perhaps:

"Thank you so much for that card you sent! After all, I am only 'Nurse Ruth' in your thoughts, and you are in mine; but it is hard to say what you are. I have made up my mind never to write again, because it does no good to be thinking of you. This is the beginning of the new year, and I am full of resolution to try to do better in it than I have ever done in any other year. Not long ago I was more than half in love with you, and I was awfully miserable on New Year's day because I had just found out what a mistake it was to be in love with the moon and to cry in vain for it. I really believe I am growing sentimental. Cornish men and Cornish manners are affecting me strangely, but I can't bear to think over old days at the hospital, and I can't bear thinking of the future, because I hate thinking of the past; and when I am with dress or manner, or some kind of disease, I am never at all once to criticize and find pleasure in the sins of the poor, as the squire's wife does. At times I long to be back in the old surgical ward, or for the excitement of a big operation, where, with all the hurry and rush, things had to be done, and done well. At times I long to be tired as I used to be at the end of day duty, when there had hardly been a moment in which we nurses could take our meals. At times I wonder how I could have left it! That was life! And this—is a home!"

—Black and White.

came into her thoughts; she was only conscious of restlessness and stir. Presently her eyes caught sight of a white butterfly that flew above a barrow of flowers, which was being slowly pushed along the pavement's edge, with gay carelessness strange enough in that crowded place. Once this white bit of life fluttered upward high and higher, as though to reach the gray filaments of cloud that streaked the blue sky between the roof tops; then in some vague, sad way she associated herself with it, for she knew it must soon be crushed beneath thousands of hurrying feet, and she longed to take it out of Fleet street and to give it freedom in some fresh-mown country field.

Five months had passed since Nurse Ruth had left the hospital. The house surgeon had become the house physician, and his term for holding that office had almost run out. The world behind the hospital wall's is one of sickness, of sorrow, and of pain, with another world of mental activity, labor, and strength to minister to it. It is a great machine of life that is set to succeed, while those who form it soon forget those others who have left.

Still, one morning a letter lay on the house physician's table; one he opened and read first. It was written with her usual recklessness:

"Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of humor is not joy, but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven."

"By trying we can easily learn to endure adversity. Another man's, I mean."

"Few of us can stand prosperity. Another man's, I mean."

"Nurse," called the house surgeon the afternoon after he had received it, and again, "Nurse Ruth," he called after her in the corridor outside the door of

## PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

## Some New Ideas in Dress for the Ladies.

The Waldorf plaid is a silk fabric showing 2½-inch squares in daring colors and combinations, beige and blue, brown and shaded red, and pink and green. It is expensive, and is declared to be especially stylish.

Ruchings are in favor again and are to be seen in the greatest variety. A smart, dressy-looking vest was made recently of ruching, showing a framework of velvet tabs, the latter decorated with large metal buttons and silver cord. Wide ruches of gauze silk are made into rosettes, slightly concealed by tulle lace ruffles of butter color placed in between them.

Plush spot and velvet spot effects are being produced for early spring wear in both worsted and cotton dress goods. The spots are several inches apart and the fabric is made on the welt-pile principle.

Plain velvets make up into stylish garments that give excellent wear. Puffed velvets in red and green tones and checked and plaid velvets are popular and pretty, and make stylish blouses and bodices.

Among the new shades are six tones of gendarme blue, from the deep, dull colors to the pale, nearly goblin tint. Some lovely forget-me-not shades are seen in the pale blues, and three exquisite turquoise tints are strongly imbued with a clear green tone. Rose pink and old rose colors are seen, and there are a dozen beautiful shades of soft, pure gray.

Jatouse is the name of a fashionable shade of yellow, that is also called orient and regent in Paris and Berlin. There is scarcely a half-shade's difference in the three. An especially deep orange is called Klondike, though no violet shade is called aonit.

Some of the most expensive blouses and shirt waists for next season will be made of white batiste, trimmed with colored embroidery. Blouses of muslin will be finished with fine tucks or Swiss embroidery. Delicate ribbons at throat and belt will be worn with thin waists. —N. Y. Tribune.

## HOME TEACHING.

## The Best Lessons of Life Are Learned There.

Beneath the parental roof is the most kindly soil for the cultivation of those heart virtues, amenities and sweet charities, the observance of which renders life pleasant and happy, the neglect of them the reverse. Unhappy those who cannot recall such education from the earliest dawn of their recollection. Commenced in the daily attentions and tender admonitions of a mother, in a sister's gentle smile and friendly companionship, in a brother's ready help and fond protection, in the ramble with a father through pleasant green lanes or shady forest paths, where are birds and wild flowers, with the tiny grasshopper, "the gold green beetle," the humming bird and all the myriad insects seen on a summer's day; in the tale read and commented on by the winter's fireside, in the visit to the sick and humble neighbor, and the united prayer offered up at morn and eve. Such teaching, when joined with the unvarying regularity and stern discipline of school duties, will train the youthful mind for its best and noblest purposes. Nor is such education ever forgotten, for it is twined with the heart's deepest, holiest memories, and the youth thus brought up may be fearlessly dismissed on the rough journey of life, with every prospect of achieving an honorable and useful existence.

But woe unto those who think that in providing competent instructors for their children they fulfill their duty—who are so occupied by the demands of business, fashion or pleasure as to have no time left for teaching or home enjoyments. Bitter are the fruits yet in store for them. Immortal souls confided to their charge have grown up in ignorance of the great end of their being and unfitted for the practical duties of life. Needed counsel has been held back, errors and failings passed by unproved, evil tempers and passions permitted to remain unchecked. Is it, then, astonishing that the daughters of such parents should become vain, heartless and frivolous women, and their sons bad and cruel men?—N. Y. Ledger.

## Catching Cold.

The best means of warding off colds are to develop to the fullest extent the heat-maintaining power of the body, and to avoid everything most likely to give cold. The first object may be accomplished by wearing only just sufficient clothing to keep us comfortably warm; by accustoming ourselves to sudden changes of temperature by the daily use of the cold bath; and by preserving the best state of health. While our clothing should insure us against any feeling of chilliness, we must remember that cold is bracing, and that of the two it is better to be rather under than overfed. The regular practice of cold bathing educates the power by which the depressing effect of cold is resisted. When the shock of the shower and plunge baths is more than can be borne, a sponge dipped in cold water should be passed rapidly over the body, and then a rough towel applied vigorously until dryness and warmth are fully restored. —New Ideas.

## Mushrooms with Oysters.

Skin and prepare mushrooms of a medium size; remove the stalks, lay them side by side, the wrong way up, in a buttered tin, dust with salt and pepper. Set them in a hot oven for ten minutes, then take out the tin, place in each mushroom a dice-shaped piece of butter and one blue point and bearded oyster; put them back in the oven. Watch. The moment the oysters are well blanched, dish, squeezing over the juice from a lemon, mixed with cayenne. Send to table quickly.—Woman's Home Companion.

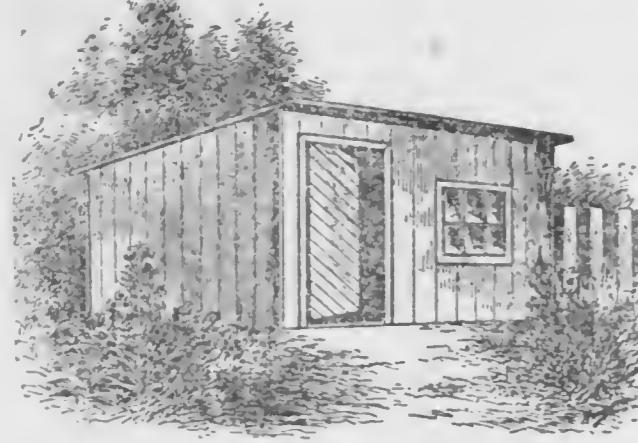
&lt;img alt="An ornate title page for Harper's Magazine, featuring

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS

## HOUSES FOR DUCKS.

They Need Not Be as Warm as Those Built for Hens.

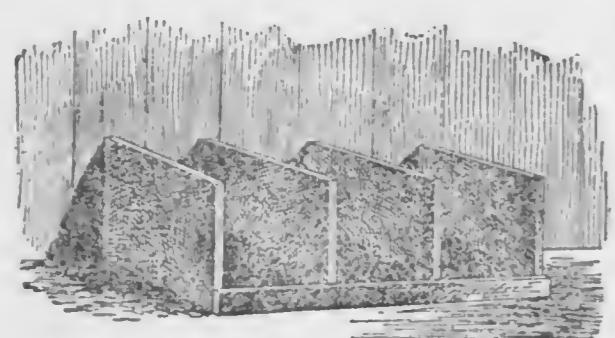
Houses for ducks are simple affairs. They are built plain and comfortable, and have no furnishings whatever. A duck is differently constituted from a hen, and must be cared for under different conditions. The hen needs warmer houses and drier surroundings than does the duck. A duck does not mind the cold, if she can keep her feet warm; cold feet will affect a duck as a frozen limb does a hen, retarding laying and inducing ailments. The feathers of a duck are almost impenetrable and will withstand almost any degree of cold. Again, a duck cannot stand the amount of confinement in a house that a hen can; she is more restless in disposition and is given to exercise in a greater degree than is a hen. Indigestion is not so prevalent with ducks as with chickens; the duck's ceaseless motion aids



HOUSE FOR BREEDING DUCKS.

the digestive organs and keeps her generally in good health.

In Fig. 1 is shown a simple house that may be built at small expense. It is plain and has a shed roof. Such a house should be built of rough boards, 12 inches by one inch, and joints covered by three-inch by one inch strips. The roof should be made watertight and covered with tanned paper, shingles or tin. The outside should be well drained around the bottom, that it may not be damp. Some advocate board floors, raised from six to eight inches from the ground and covered from four to six inches with dry earth, straw or leaves. The writer favors the using of board floors in all houses for chickens, but thinks it not essential for ducks. If the house is well drained on the outside and



NESTS FOR DUCKS.

the earth floor is covered with hay, straw or leaves, it will be perfectly satisfactory. There must not be dampness in the house, as the birds will not do so well; while they are given to water on the outside they must have comfortable quarters in which to "warm up," or "dry out."

The building shown in Fig. 1 may be constructed of any dimensions desired, according to the size of flock to be kept. A house 12 by 14 feet will accommodate nicely a flock of a dozen. There are no interior arrangements whatever, simply the floor surface of the building. It is better not to use nests. Some raisers use a plain nest, as shown in Fig. 2. These nests are made of one-inch boards, 12 inches high and 16 inches long, set 14 inches apart, and held together in front with a three-inch strip. The nests are nailed to the back of the house or in the yard, and, if permitted, a duck will build herself a nest to her liking. Again, a duck is liable to injure herself by falling over the strips in front of nests or other obstructions that may be in the house.—Bulletin U. S. Dep't of Agriculture.

## STRAIGHT FARMING.

**More Popular Now Than It Has Been for a Long Time.**

The past five or six years have been a period of shifting, experimenting and trial with a large number of farmers. Urged by low prices of staple products they left the old and ventured into new fields of live stock production, cropping and methods of farming. These experiments have not been satisfactory to the vast majority, for no sooner did they get into a new field than it was overrun with their competitors. But the experience has been valuable. The result is a general tendency to return to the production of the staples in a system of mixed farming as being the most satisfactory in the long run. Most of the so-called "specialties" which were to do so much for the average farmer have failed to enrich him. Most of the new crops which were so loudly praised in the beginning have been found no improvement over the old. But in methods of farming, which involved cheaper production and a better product, there has been considerable advance. For these reasons "straight farming" is now more popular as well as more promising than for a long time—and this is for the greatest good to the greatest number of farmers.—National Stockman.

## Future of Fish Farming.

Fish farming has never been taken up seriously by our farmers, although hundreds of farms have suitable water privileges or are so constituted that ponds could easily be made on them. The rage for German carp which swept the country a few years ago has acted as a setback for fish farming, because the German carp is a coarse, flavorless fish, its flesh full of bones and its habits that of a buzzard, no feed being too foul for it and no pond too muddy. We have native fishes that are first-class for the table, and with very little trouble they could be bred with profit. No doubt an acre in fish could be made more profitable than it would be put to any other use. This is one of the industries that will come later.—Farmers' Voice.

MAKE LIFE ATTRACTIVE.  
Otherwise Children Cannot Be Kept Upon the Farm.

We often hear it deplored that so many farmers' boys and girls leave the farm so early, but it is all in their bringing up, and nine times out of ten the parents are responsible. They do not make farm life attractive enough. They forget that God designed every farm for an Eden, and stalk through life as unconcerned to the beauties around them as the dumb brutes under their care do.

I heard a young man of 23 say the other day that he wouldn't leave home for anything—that he considered it the prettiest spot on earth. Come to find out, that boy never had to get up at three o'clock in the morning and work until sunset. He was blessed with parents who considered their children of more importance than overwork or money. Pleasures were furnished at home to keep the boys out of danger. Even Fourth of July was celebrated so splendidly at home that the boys had no desire to go anywhere. I went to one of those farm entertainments, and there was a picnic all day in the orchard, with swings and boat rides on the mill pond, ice cream and fireworks. The farmer was not a rich man, either; he only looked out for the good and enjoyment of his boys.

Some farmers and their wives take time to interest their children in beauties around them, and set them to work making collections of flowers, leaves and grasses, with names written neatly under each. They let their children bring mosses and stones into the house and form little cabinets of their own. They encourage them to draw and paint pictures of all the birds and insects they see, to learn their names and become acquainted with their habits. Such children will not want to leave the farm. But the average farm of to-day is so dreary and monotonous, with its endless routine of duties, oftentimes accompanied with hurry and harsh words, no wonder the young people want to leave the farm and hunt up something more cheerful.

There is nothing in the world so sweet, so healthful, as farm life when carried on right, and "There's love at home." Let parents look to it that their children are entertained, and so many of them will not want to leave the farm, but will be satisfied to remain at home with papa and mamma as long as they live, and then take their places afterward.—Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, in N. Y. Tribune.

## FACTS FOR BEEKEEPERS

The queen is the life of the colony. Always set beehives close to the ground.

Keep the hives well painted, especially the roofs.

Hives should be set with entrances facing south or east.

Smoke is the only thing that will subdue or control bees.

Thorough ripening of honey is more important than color.

Do not winter bees in a house unless it is frost-proof and dark.

Put a good layer of sawdust around the hive, especially in front.

The air should always circulate between the ground and the hive.

Never smoke bees at any time more than is necessary to quiet them.

Wind breaks on the north and west sides of the apiary are beneficial.

Heavy canvas or duck is a good material to cover the frames in winter.

Very late swarming out is good evidence that the bees are starved out.

Bees hatched during the summer months almost all die before spring.

Hives should not be set flat on the ground, but be raised about two inches.

It is an advantage always to furnish a new swarm with a frame of young brood.

In order to insure straight combs in empty frames comb guides must be used.

Neither honey boards nor boards of any kind should be placed directly in the frames.

Some kind of absorbing material should be placed directly over the combs in winter.

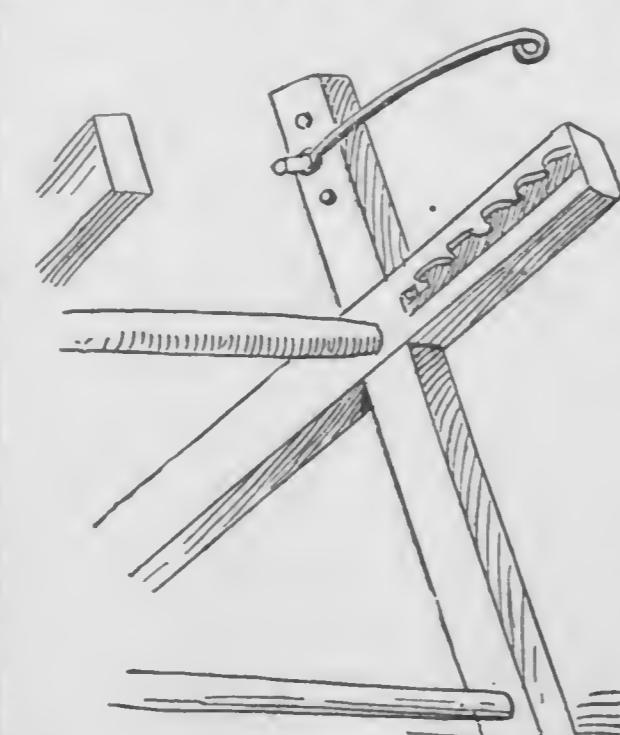
The proper time for transferring bees is early in the spring, when the bees are gathering their first honey.

Roofs of hives of every kind should have a good coat of paint every fall; leaky roofs are very damaging.—St. Louis Republic.

## WOOD-SAWING DEVICE.

A Mechanical Holder That Saves Time of Respiration.

The season for sawing up the year's supply of firewood being at hand makes the device shown herewith of special interest. Sawing wood is hard work at



WOOD-SAWING MADE EASIER.

the best. No small part of its irksomeness is the necessity of holding down the stick with one's knee while the stick is being sawed. The sketch shows a mechanical holder whose construction is seen at a glance. The rod is of steel, so that it can be bent tightly over the wood. The pegs and the ratchet permit its use with either large or small sticks.—Orange Judd Farmer.

## Gained Forty-eight Pounds.

"I had a strong appetite for liquor which was the beginning of the breaking down of my health. I was also a slave to tea and coffee drinking. I took the gold cure, but it did not help me."

This is a portion of an interview clipped from the Daily Herald of Clinton, Iowa. It might well be taken for the subject of a temperance lecture, but that is not our object in publishing it. It is to show how a system, run down by drink and disease, may be restored. We cannot do better than quote further from the same:

"For years I was unable to do my work. I could not sleep nights or rest days on account of continuous pains in my stomach and back. I was unable to digest my food. Headaches and painful irritation were frequent, and my heart's action became increased. I left my farm and returned to city life for I was confirmed invalid, and the doctors said I would never be well again."

"Soon after I happened to use four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for *I Retired to City Life*."

Pale People and since then I have been free from all pain, headache and dyspepsia. I eat heartily and have no appetite for strong drink or tea or coffee, and feel twenty years younger."

"My weight has increased 48 pounds. I cannot say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and claim that they have cured me."

—JOHN B. COOK."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixteenth day of February, 1897.

A. P. BARKER, Notary Public.

To people run down in health from whatever cause—drink or disease—the above interview will be of interest. The truth of it is undoubted as the statement is sworn to, and we reproduce the oath here. For any further facts concerning this medicine write to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The name and address of the subject of above interview is John B. Cook, of 208 South 5th Street, Lyon, Iowa.

The true culture of personal beauty is not external; it is heart work.—J. R. Miller.

## THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 17.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common, \$2 65	65	65
Select butchers, 3 00	85	85
CALVES—Fair to good light, 5 00	65	65
HOGS—Common, 3 00	65	65
Mixed packers, 3 40	85	85
Light shippers, 3 55	85	85
SHORN COWS—Good to choice, 4 00	90	90
LAMB'S—Good to choice, 4 00	90	90
FLOUR—Winter family, 3 55	65	65
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 65	90	90
No. 3 red, 65	90	90
Corn—No. 2 mixed, 65	90	90
Oats—No. 2, 65	90	90
Rye—No. 2, 65	90	90

HAY—Prime to choice, 9 25

PROVISIONS—Meat, pork, 6 00

Lard—Pork, 4 55

BUTTER—Cheddar, 11 00

Prime to choice creamery, 11 00

APPLES—Per bushel, 3 25

POTATOES—Per bushel, 2 25

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patients, 4 50	65	65
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 91 1/2	92	92
No. 2 Chicago spring, 91 1/2	92	92
CORN—No. 2, 91 1/2	92	92
OATS—No. 2, 91 1/2	92	92
RYE—No. 2, 91 1/2	92	92

PORK—Meat, 9 00

LARD—Steam, 4 62 1/2

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Winter patient, 4 80	65	65
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 91 1/2	92	92
No. 2 Chicago spring, 91 1/2	92	92
CORN—No. 2, 91 1/2	92	92
OATS—No. 2, 91 1/2	92	92
RYE—No. 2, 91 1/2	92	92

PORK—Meat, 9 00

LARD—Steam, 4 97 1/2

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family, 4 30	65	65
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	91 1/2	92
Southern—Wheat, 91 1/2	92	92
CORN—No. 2 mixed, 91 1/2	92	92
OATS—No. 2 white, 91 1/2	92	92
RYE—No. 2, western, 91 1/2	92	92

CAITTE—First quality, 4 60

HOGS—Western, 4 40

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	91	90
Corn—No. 2 mixed, 91	90	90
Oats No. 2 mixed, 91	90	90

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Winter patient, 3 75	40	40
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 94	95	95
CORN—No. 2 mixed, 94	95	95
OATS—No. 2 white, 94	95	95
RYE—No. 2, western, 94	95	95

PORK—Meat, 9 00

LARD—Steam, 4 175

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## SELLING BY SIGNAL.

HOW CATTLE ARE DEALT IN AT THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.

Sitting In Their Saddles, With the Lot Between Them, Seller and Buyer Conclude a Transaction by Raising Their Whips Over Their Heads.

The Chicago stockyards are unique among the great marts of the world. In no other place, say those who are most familiar with its daily routine, is so large an aggregate of business transacted in the language of gestures and without the "scratch of a pen" as in the noisy pens of the stockyards. A whip is held high in air, across a sea of clattering horns the signal is answered by the momentary uplifting of a hand, and a "bunch" of cattle worth thousands of dollars is sold.

There is something splendidly picturesque and even spectacular in these wordless transactions. They ignore the artificialities of the complex system upon which modern business relationships are almost universally maintained. Trade in the cattle pens gets boldly back to primitive simplicity. It is done on honor, not on paper. And the undisputed transfer of millions of dollars' worth of the property here dealt in proves that a bargain sealed with the wave of the whip and an assenting gesture of the hand is quite as safe and sacred as if the whole transaction were recorded "in black and white."

The trader in the wheat pit is armed with his tally card, upon which he pauses to note the names of those with whom he deals and the amount, nature and price of the commodities bought and sold. The broker upon the floor of the Stock Exchange places equal reliance upon the quickly penciled memoranda made at the moment when the details of each transaction were upon the lips of those concerned in its fulfillment; but the buyer and seller of the yards carry whips, not pencils, and their deals are recorded in memory instead of written upon trading cards. As well try to picture the old knights making laborious written memoranda of their challenges as to think of the rough and ready traders of the cattle yards pausing in their saddles to jot down upon paper their purchases and sales. Such a procedure would bid defiance to the very nature of things and do violence to the magnificent unconventionality of every environment.

"Is there never any trouble in this kind of dealing?" a leading commission man was asked.

"If you mean do the men go back on their bargains made by whip and hand, I can answer, never," was the trader's answer as he brought his trim black horse to a halt in the cattle alley and leaned forward in his saddle. "There isn't another place in America, or the whole world, for that matter, where so much business is done on the basis of personal integrity, without a written word to show for the transactions, as right here," he continued, "and the method beats all the bonds on earth. The day's business in these pens will run about \$1,500,000. And how is it done? Little talk, a considerable waving of whips and hands and no exchange of written documents between buyers and sellers.

"There is a bunch of cattle that will figure up about \$10,000. Over there in the other alley is a buyer who this morning offered me a price of \$5.10 for them. I thought that I could do better, but the market has been a little off, and I have decided to let the bunch go at his offer. Up to the present moment we have exchanged about a dozen words on this subject. Now, I'm willing to go to the price which he named in the morning. I'll show you how a \$10,000 bunch of fat steers is sold without word of mouth or a scratch of writing at the time the bargain is really made."

The commission man then straightened up in the saddle and waited for the distant buyer to look in his direction. A moment later this representative of a big packing house wheeled his horse about and faced in the direction of the seller. Instantly the commission man lifted high his rawhide riding whip and held it aloft. His attitude was as striking as that of a cavalry colonel uplifting his saber to concentrate the attention of his regiment before making a desperate charge. The pose, however, was full of natural grace and freedom and showed that the man was more at ease in the saddle than he could have been out of it.

Only a moment elapsed before the alert eye of the buyer caught sight of the upraised whip. The next instant he raised his hand a little above his head, held it motionless a moment and then dropped it with a forward movement. Quickly the seller repeated the motion of assent with his whip, and then, turning to his caller, said:

"That's all there is to it. To a stranger like this kind of a performance looks like a long range sign talk between deaf mutes, but we understand each other perfectly. We both know how many cattle there are in the bunch and the price at which they have been sold. Had we been within speaking distance of each other the transaction would probably have been a verbal one, just for the sake of sociability, but not because it would have made the bargain better understood or any more binding."

—Chicago Post.

**A Coin In the Bottle.**  
There have been patented all kinds of schemes devised for the purpose of sealing a bottle that cannot be refilled after having once been emptied of its contents. A great deal of fraud is said to be perpetrated by filling the bottles of some standard liquor with inferior grade and palming it off as the original bottling. An ingenious Philadelphia man proposes to accomplish this by blowing a coin in the body of the glass bottle, and he thinks that this will be tempting enough to induce one to break the bottle as soon as it has been emptied.

—Philadelphia Record.

## A BACHELOR'S QUARTERS.

Nothing Homelike About Them, According to the Married Man's Story.

They hadn't met since the old college days, ten years before, and of course the Benedict insisted that the bachelor should come home to dinner with him.

"Married the year after I left college," he said, "and I have the nicest little home and the finest lot of youngsters that you ever saw. I want you to come out and see how nicely I'm fixed. I tell you a man doesn't know what life is until he's married."

"No?"

"Well, I should say not." And so it happened that the bachelor went with the Benedict and met the latter's wife and played with his children and made himself generally useful and popular until they were all seated at the dinner table.

It was over the coffee and cigars, after the Benedict's wife had left the table, that the Benedict finally suggested:

"Pretty comfortably fixed, ain't I, old man? Children, why don't you go into the other room?"

"Very nicely, indeed," answered the bachelor, replying to the first question and ignoring the second.

"Oh, there's nothing like home life," went on the Benedict. "Willie, stop trying to climb on Mr. Brown's knee. He wants to smoke. Do you know, old man, I laugh when I think of my foolish idea that I knew in those old days what happiness was. Why, a man doesn't begin to live until—Maggie, put that nutpick back on the table. You'll jab it in your eye the first thing you know. Yes, sir. I actually have to laugh when I think of it. Our idea of contentment in those days was to get a pipe and a book and a bottle of Scotch and lock the door and lie down and—Would you mind moving your coffee cup a little farther back on the table, old man? Tommie's trying to reach it, and my wife would raise my scalp if I should let him break one of her very best cups. That's it. Thank you. As I was saying, we didn't know what ease and contentment was in those days. No single man does. A man has to have a big armchair and his slippers all ready for him and everything sort of restful and quiet before—Now, don't say, Mabel. If you didn't want to get hurt, why did you grab the end of my cigar? Tommie, take her in to her mother. There, Willie, I told you you'd stick that nutpick into your hand if you didn't look out. Run into the other room and ask your mother to put a bandage on it. Let's see, where was I, old man? Oh, yes, I remember now. I was about to say that there's nothing homelike about a bachelor's quarters!"

"No," interrupted the bachelor, with considerable emphasis, "there isn't."

The Benedict couldn't quite see the reason for such an emphatic assertion, but he wisely changed the subject, just the same.—Chicago Post.

## Feeding a Baby Elephant.

In St. Nicholas F. Fitz Roy Dixon tells of a baby elephant that was captured by friends of his in Ceylon, after the death of its mother. Mr. Dixon says:

When Sidney was first brought over, virtually in order that she might be fed, the question naturally arose as to how she would take her nourishment.

Of course the proper way for an adult elephant to take in water is by means of the trunk, which is furnished with two tubes running its whole length.

But when a bowl of milk was placed before the baby elephant she did not know what to do with it. She dipped the tip of her trunk into it, and the lookers on thought that there would be no difficulty about her drinking at all, since she recognized the scent of the nourishment she had been accustomed to. But she was quite at a loss and set up a roar which seemed quite natural under the circumstances. Then some one suggested pouring it down her throat from a bottle, and this was accordingly tried, and after one or two ineffectual attempts she understood.

She was half starved when this was done, for she had had nothing to eat since the death of her mother, and her delight at being fed was most amusing. The only trouble was that it was difficult to satisfy her, and it was feared that the change of diet would disagree with her, but fortunately it had no ill effect.

## Oranges.

The very sweetest orange and richest is the black or rusty coated fruit. Pick out the daintiest oranges in the box, and you will get the best. Another way to choose oranges is by weight. The heaviest are the best, because they have the thinnest skin and more weight of juice.

Thick skinned oranges are apt to be dry. They either weigh less because of having so much skin or because of the poverty of the juice in these particular specimens.

A slight freezing on the tree causes this condition in otherwise fine fruit. The "kid glove" oranges are the two varieties of small fruit grown in Florida from stocks respectively brought from China and from Tangier.

They are called mandarin and tangerine.

They may be eaten without soiling a kid glove, because the skin is loose and the little "gores," or pockets of juice, come apart very cleanly and without breaking. All the above applies to Florida oranges. The Jamaica and Havana oranges are much paler yellow, and their juice is usually of more acid quality than the home grown oranges.

## The Rascal Won.

"What's the price of these gloves?" she asked.

"A dollar and seventy-five cents," said the clerk; "but I'm afraid we haven't any small enough for you. We can order an extra small size, however."

"Oh, these will do. I'll take three pairs."—Chicago News.

## Two Useful Items.

Half a lemon makes a very good substitute for a bar of toilet soap, and a soap, cut in half and rubbed on a sooty kettle, makes very good blacking, which takes a fine polish.

## THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

She Had a Natural Anxiety, Which She Made Manifest.

As my horse, puffing like a porpoise, drew me and my buckboard up the last sharp acclivity of the mountain road that led out into the pass between the summits rising on either hand he would have exercised his privilege and stopped a moment to blow, but 100 yards ahead of us I saw a bright bit of calico gleaming in the morning sun, and, driving on, I came up to a buxom mountain maid sitting on a stump at a point where a footpath leading up from the valley met the main road.

"Good mornin'," she said before I had a chance to stop, and there seemed to be an anxious tone in the voice.

"Good morning," I responded, and I was on the point of asking her how far it was to the next place, a favorite manner of starting a conversation on mountain roads, when she broke in.

"Air you a preacher?" she asked.

"No," I answered, with a smile, for I had never been asked that question before.

"Nor a squire?"

"No."

"Well, Jim Martin's comin' along this away purty soon now, an I wuz takin' so's that wouldn't be no mistakes."

"I don't quite understand your explanation," I said, completely in the dark as to what she was trying to get at.

"I reckon not, but I ain't takin' no chances, an I thought I'd better stop you while I had the chance."

"Thank you, I'm sure, but if you will tell me what's up I may be able to tell you what you are talking about."

She laughed good naturally.

"Well, you see it's this a-way," she said. "Jim, he's been a-courtin' me for about two ye'r now, an last night he popped an says ez how ef I'd be here this mornin' ez he come along we'd go down to Logville an git hitched, an Jim's mighty onreliable, an he's not ef we got that an the preacher ner the squire warn't that I'd never git Jim in the mind ag'in, so I kinder thought mebbe you might be the squire or the preacher an I didn't want you to git away. Ef you meet Jim anywheres down the road, don't tell him you seen me, fer I don't want him skeert."—Washington Star.

## ABOUT THE WEATHER.

Mr. Wingleby Explains to George About the Seasons.

"You see, George," said Mr. Wingleby, whose youthful son had asked him how we came to have different kinds of weather, "the weather is put up in tin cans, a day's weather to a can, and usually they put up about a year's supply ahead, enough to last through a spring, summer, autumn and winter. In filling the cans they sort it all out as well as possible. Sometimes when they get a can full there may be a little left over, and whatever remains in this way they throw into one lot. When they've got pretty nearly all the cans full and the regular stock of weather has run out, they fill up from that lot of odds and ends. The cans so filled contain what is called variable weather, because it's mixed, but most of the weather they get pretty well sorted out according to the season.

"When they've got all the cans filled, they stack 'em up where they'll be handy to get at, and there's a man that does nothing but open them. Every day he cuts a can and pours out the weather for that day, and of course a great deal depends upon him. Sometimes this man gets careless and pulls down a lot of the wrong cans, getting them, say, from the July shelf in the month of April and likely as not getting down a week's supply at once, so as to have them handy or the opening table. Of course he discovers his mistake the first can he opens, but he is too lazy to put the rest back, and so he keeps on until he has opened them all, and that's how it comes about, as it sometimes does, that we get a hot spell at a season when we ought to have nothing but cool weather.

"But of course those April cans are not lost. They must be around somewhere, and we get 'em later. Maybe the man will sprinkle them along with the hope that we won't notice them much, but as likely as not he opens them one after another together, maybe after some terribly hot spell in July or August, when they are sure to be a blessed relief, and if he does this we are pretty apt to forgive him his mistake in April."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## It's Usefulness.

Mrs. Newlywed—That is our new burglar alarm. You see, if a burglar should get into the lower part of the house, that would ring.

Her Mother—Oh, and scare him off?

Mrs. Newlywed (doubtfully)—Well, it might, but it would give Clarence and me plenty of time to hide in the attic anyway.—Pick Me Up.

Whistling is tabooed in the dressing rooms of a circus. That it is an ill omen is one of the superstitions of the circus people. Some body is to be discharged if any one whistles.

"Oh, these will do. I'll take three pairs."—Chicago News.

Two Useful Items.

Half a lemon makes a very good substitute for a bar of toilet soap, and a soap, cut in half and rubbed on a sooty kettle, makes very good blacking, which takes a fine polish.

—Philadelphia Record.

## TWIN BROTHERS.

WILL  
MAKE  
YOU  
HAPPY!



Do you want to be happy and make all your friends happy? Then come to TWIN BROTHERS to make your selections of Christmas presents. We have the largest, grandest and prettiest stock of holiday goods ever displayed in Paris. We are giving goods away—you might say—so low are we selling them. To make room we have decided to sacrifice our immense stock of

## MEN'S AND BOY'S OVERCOATS, CLOTHING, LADIES' JACKETS AND CAPES, COMFORTS, BLANKETS, BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

Read every line in this advertisement, it will advise where to buy and save:

Big Bargains in Capes that were \$2.00 now 95c, 2.50 now 1.25, 3.50 now 1.95, 5.00 now 2.50, 6.00 now 3.00, 7.50 now 4.25, 9.00 now 5.00, 10.00 now 6.25, 12.50 now 7.00, 15.00 now 7.50.

Jackets that were \$3.00 now 2.00, 4.50 now 2.25, 5.00 now 2.50, 6.00 now 3.25, 7.50 now 3.75, 8.50 now 4.25, 10.50 now 5.25, 12.00 now 5.95, 15.00 now 6.98.

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Make your Christmas selections from our beautiful stock of silk handkerchiefs, linen handkerchiefs, initial handkerchiefs, mufflers, fine hose, fine gloves, fine jewelry, fine garters, neckwear, fine shirts, cuff buttons, ear-rings, stick-pins, hair-pins, fine purses, silk umbrellas, kid gloves, fine plush cases, brush and comb sets, water sets, mirrors, boas, perfumes, glove cases.

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## ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:15 p. m.  
From Lexington—4:39 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27